THRILLING ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE!

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

No.43 7th AUGUST 1980 EVERY THURSDAY 12p

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

FROM THE TV ARCHIVES CAN ANYTHING STOP THE GREEN DEATH?

THE AUTONS' FINAL PLAY FOR POWER!

THE FINAL ADVENTURE OF A THRILLING COMIC STRIP...

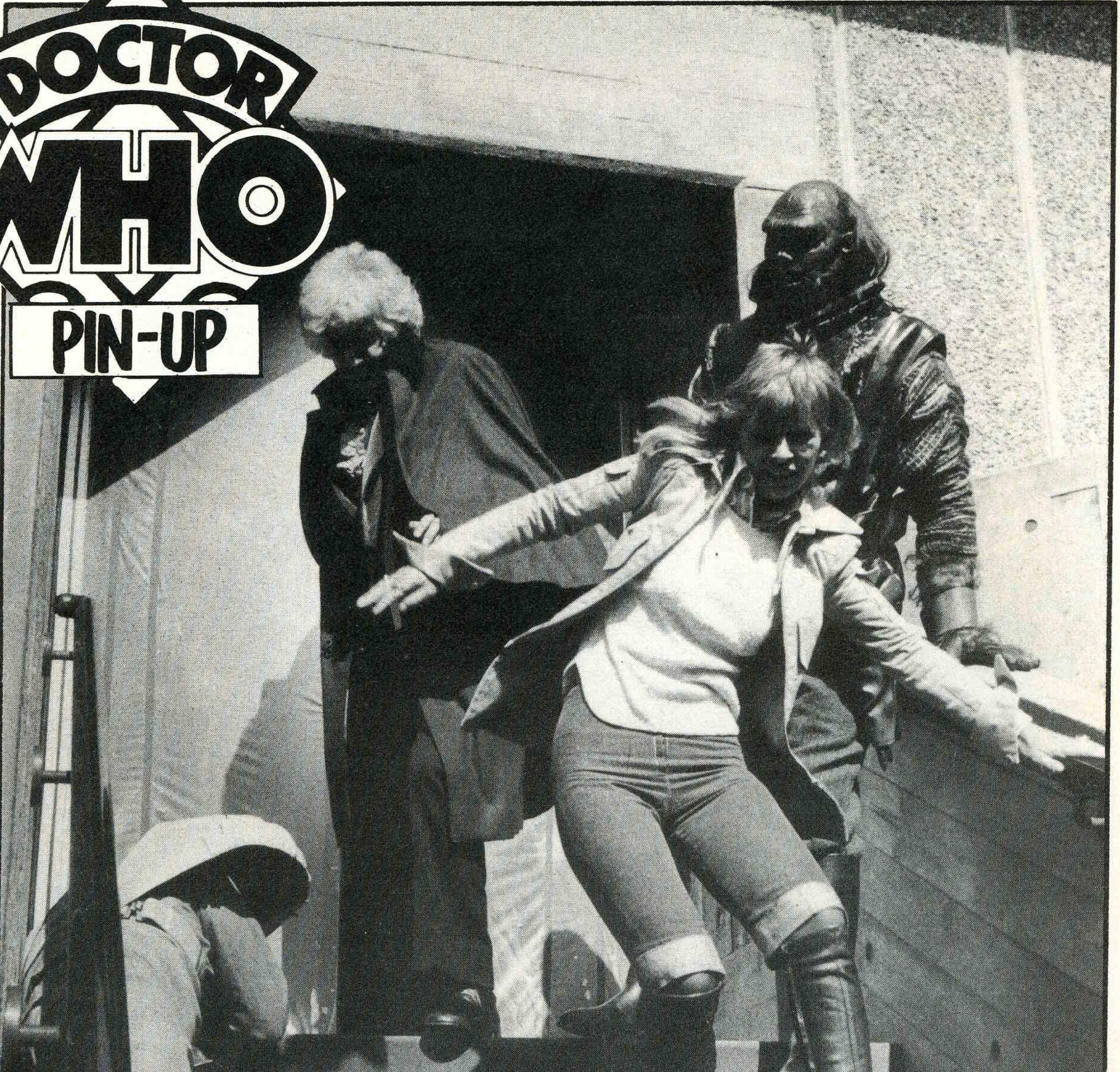
THE DALEK TAPES

FEATURING THIS WEEK...

THE DALEKS' CONQUEST OF THE HIDDEN PLANET!

DOCTOR WHO

PIN-UP



The Doctor (Jon Pertwee) and Jo Grant (Katy Manning) in an action scene from the 1972 adventure "Frontier in Space".

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

NUMBER 43

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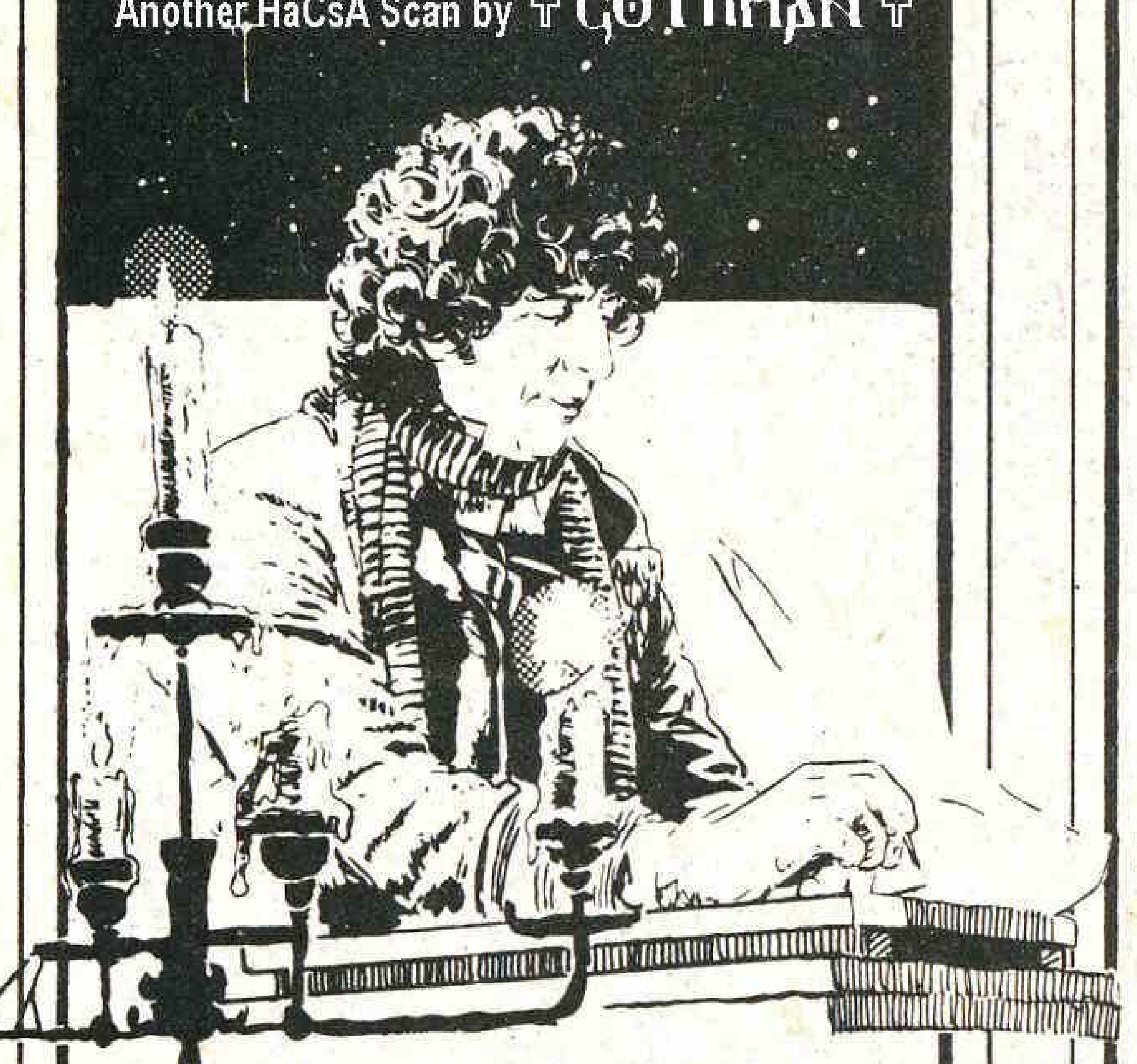
Another HaCsA Scan by ✝ GOTHMAN ✝



Big news folks! My friends at Marvel inform me that as of next week **Dr Who Weekly** will become a monthly comic — bigger and better than ever before! Our new monthly extravaganza will only go to prove how much time flies when you're adventuring through the universe!

This week sees the terrifying revelations behind the suspicious activities of our band of ferocious monks, plus the final conclusion to Max Fischer's attempt to save himself, and possibly the rest of humanity, from the terrifying alien plasticity of the Auton invasion.

See you new week in our new monthly time dimension!

Have fun,

The Doctor

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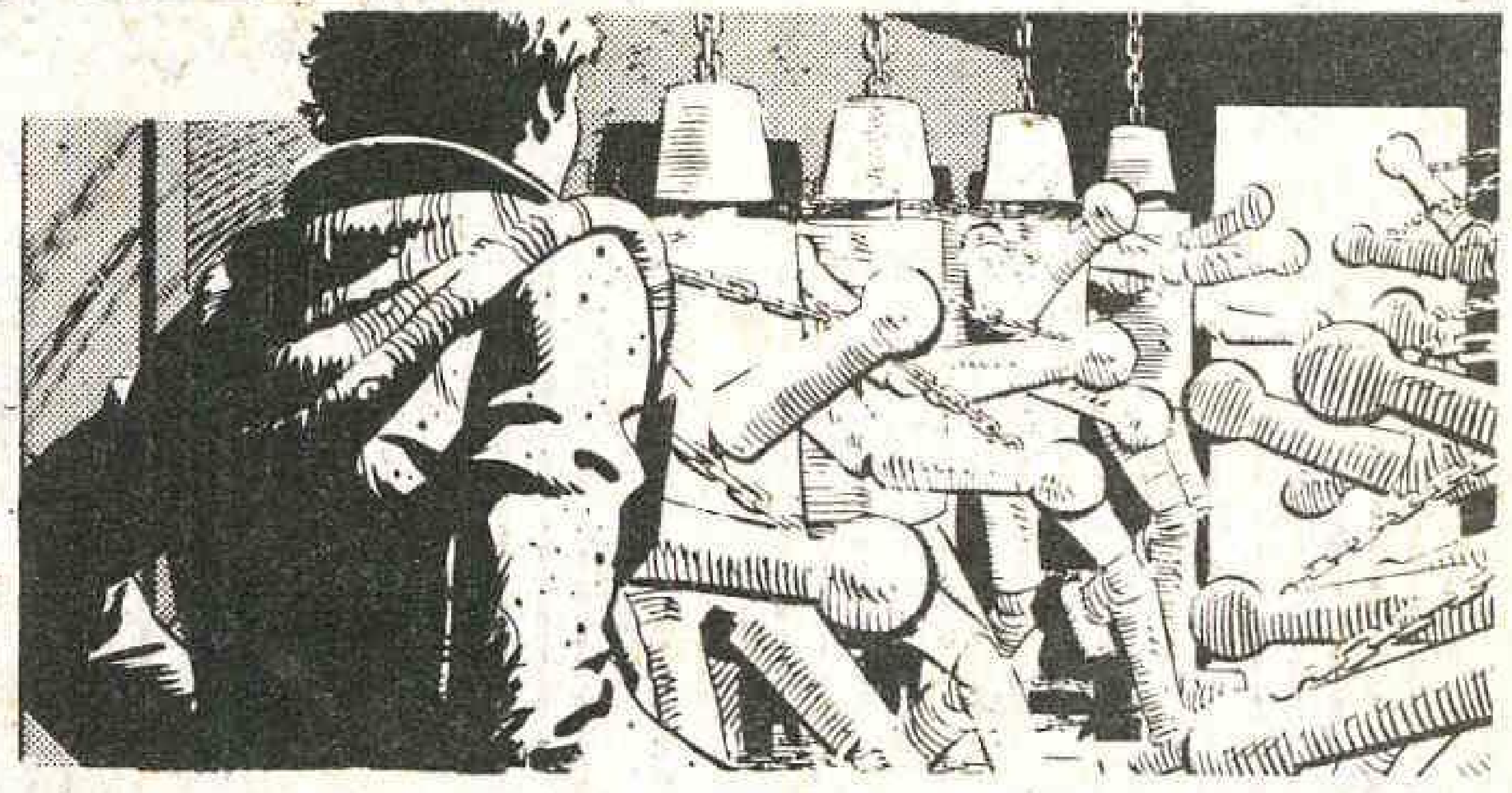

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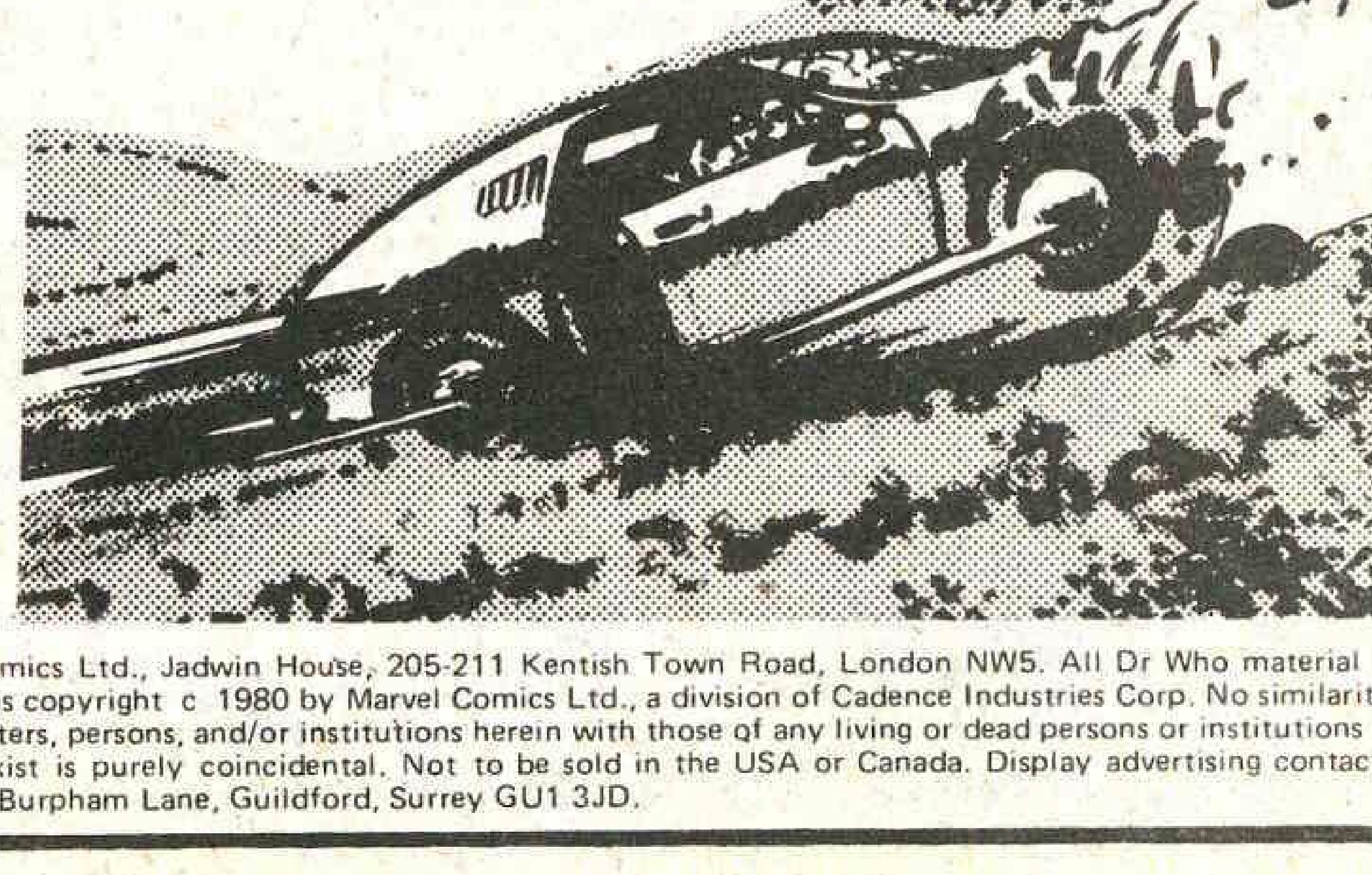
FOR MAX FISCHER, INDUSTRIAL SPY, THERE CAN BE NO ESCAPE FROM THE TERROR OF THE AUTONS . . . BUT HE IS NOT ALONE . . . THE REST OF HUMANITY IS SOON TO FOLLOW . . .



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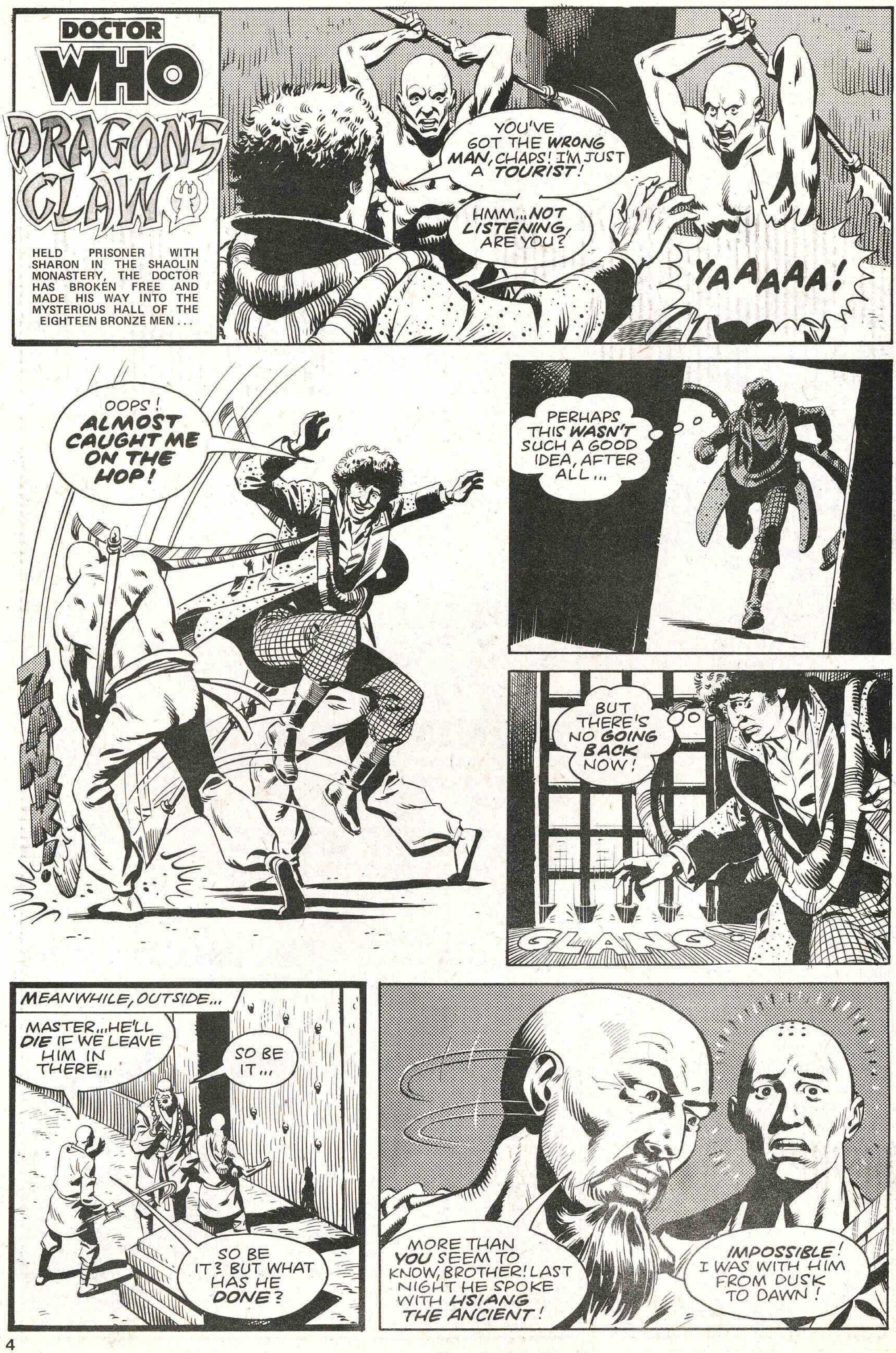
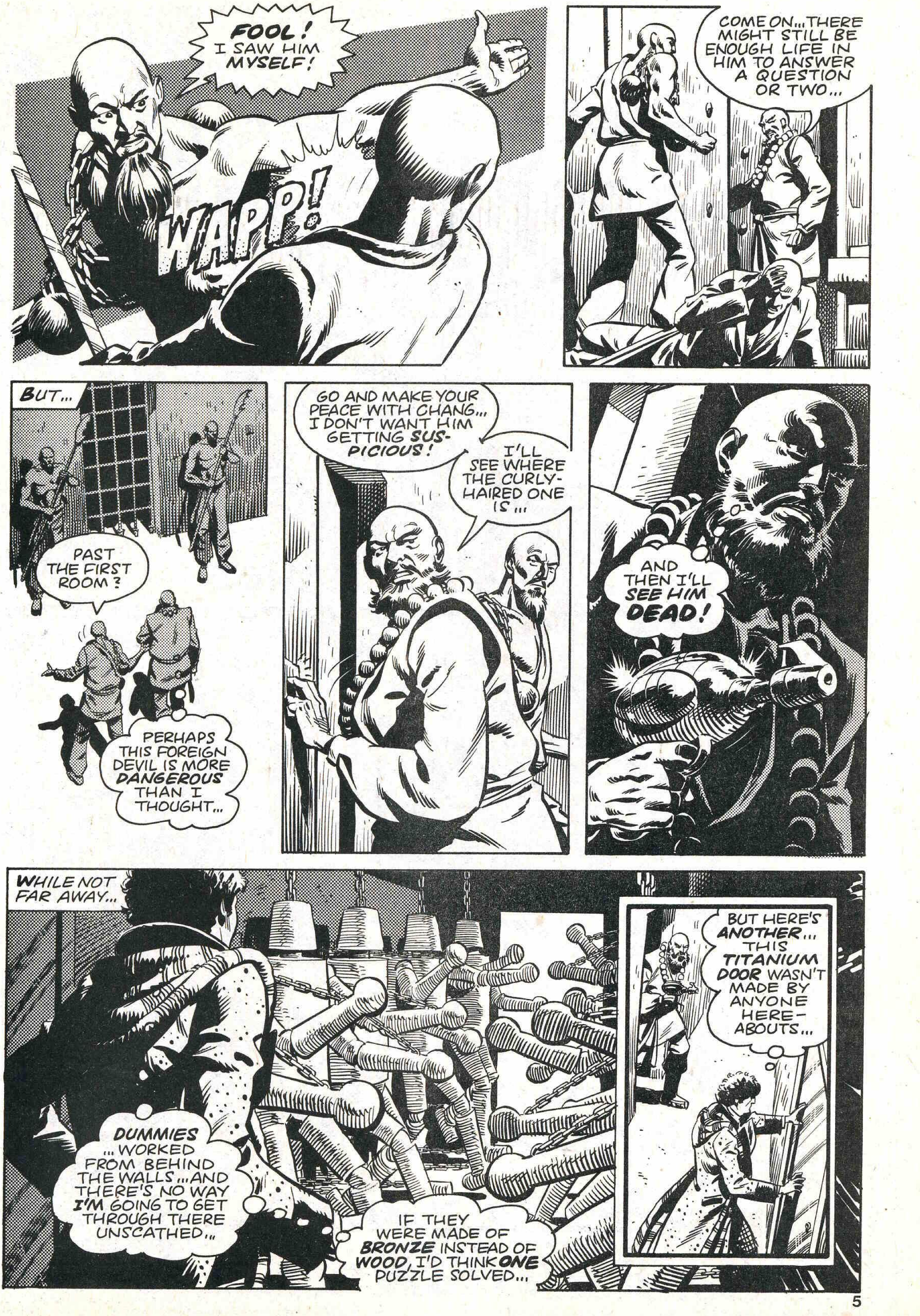
DOCTOR WHO

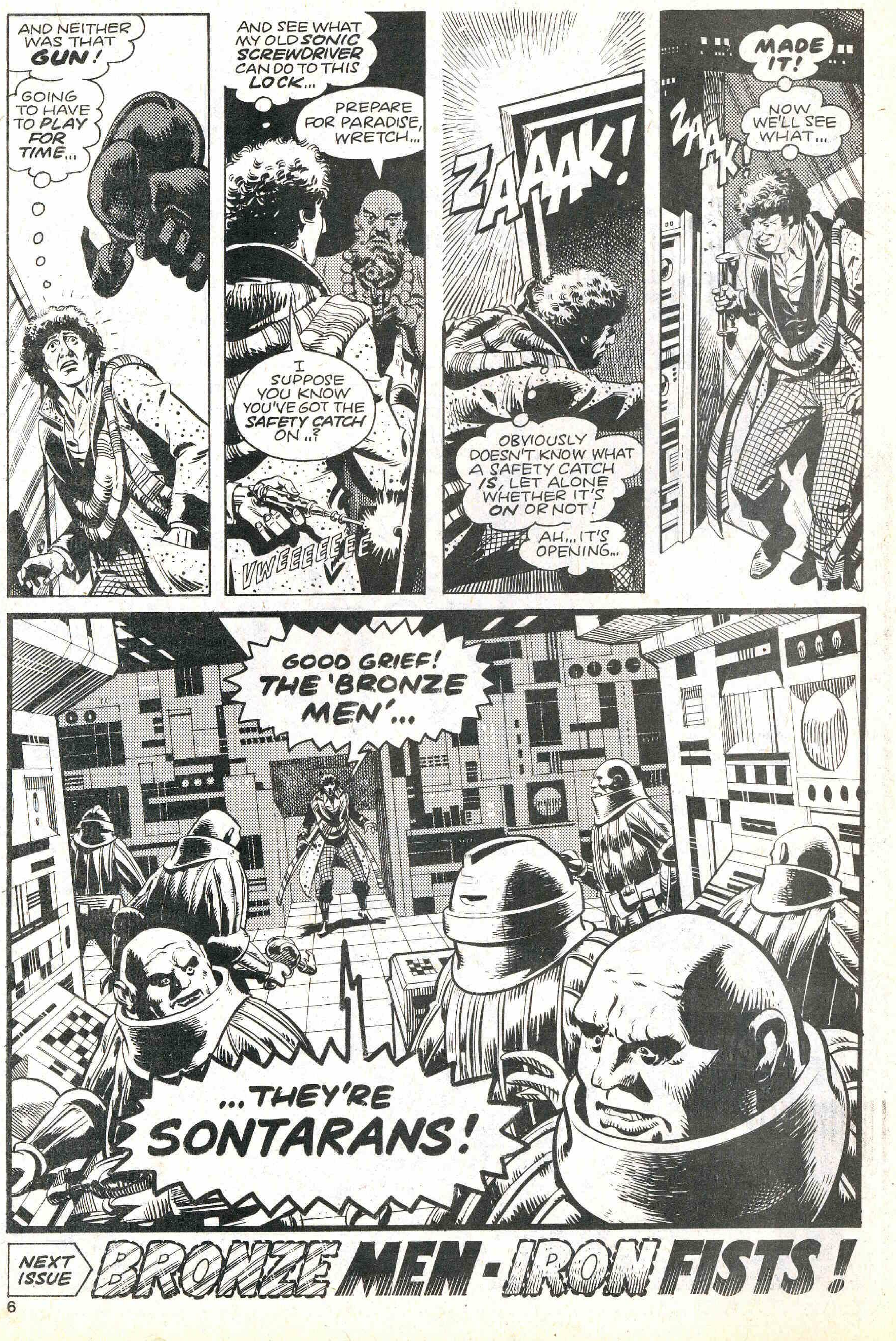
DRAGON'S CLAW

HELD PRISONER WITH SHARON IN THE SHAOLIN MONASTERY, THE DOCTOR HAS BROKEN FREE AND MADE HIS WAY INTO THE MYSTERIOUS HALL OF THE EIGHTEEN BRONZE MEN . . .

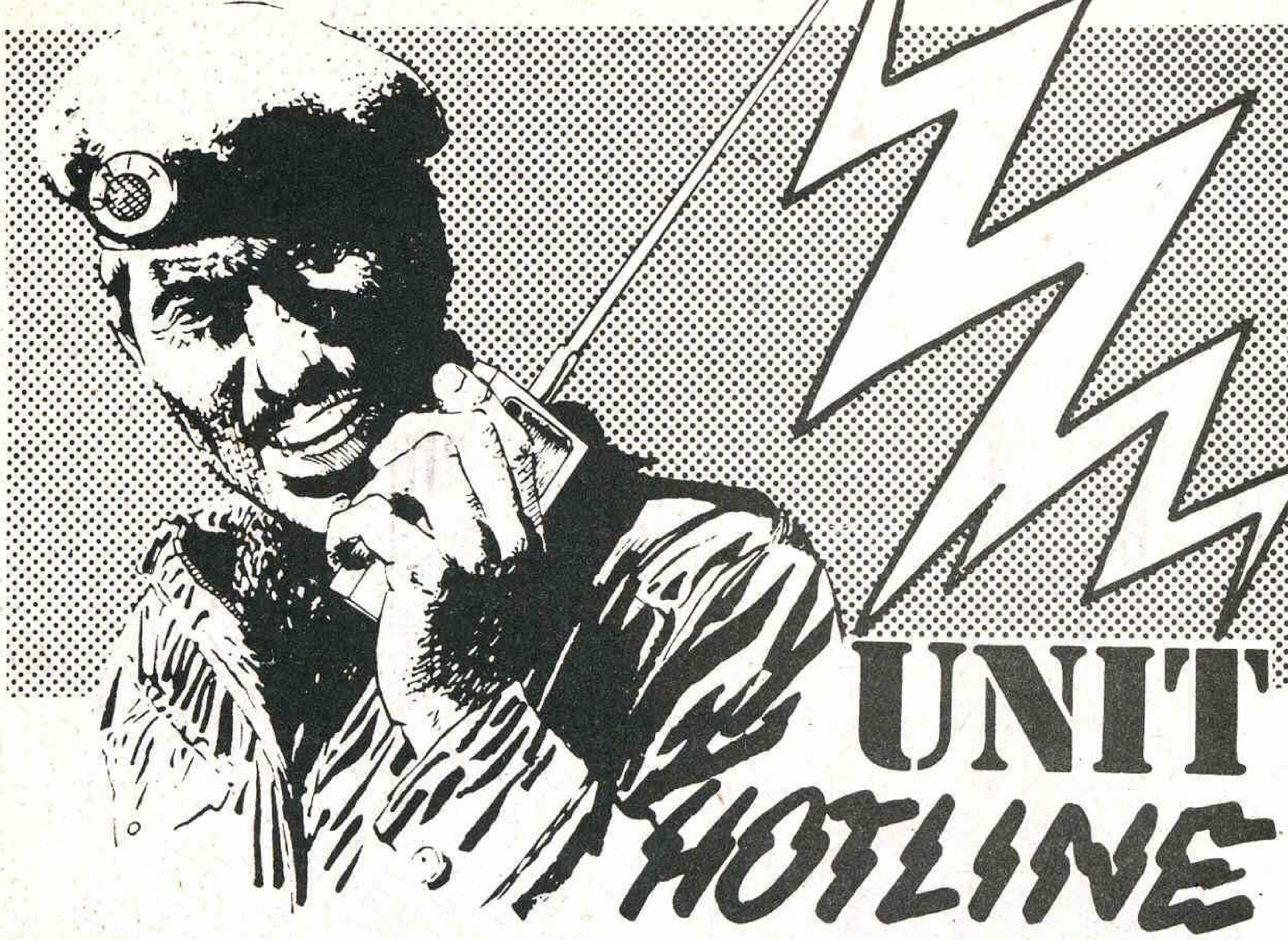


YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MAN, CHAPS! I'M JUST A TOURIST!
HMM... NOT LISTENING, ARE YOU?
YAAAAA!
OOPS! ALMOST CAUGHT ME ON THE HOP!
WHAK!
PERHAPS THIS WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA, AFTER ALL...
BUT THERE'S NO GOING BACK NOW!
CLANG!
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...
MASTER... HE'LL DIE IF WE LEAVE HIM IN THERE...
SO BE IT...
SO BE IT? BUT WHAT HAS HE DONE?
MORE THAN YOU SEEM TO KNOW, BROTHER! LAST NIGHT HE SPOKE WITH HSIANG THE ANCIENT!
IMPOSSIBLE! I WAS WITH HIM FROM DUSK TO DAWN!


FOOL! I SAW HIM MYSELF!
WAPP!
COME ON... THERE MIGHT STILL BE ENOUGH LIFE IN HIM TO ANSWER A QUESTION OR TWO...
BUT...
PAST THE FIRST ROOM?
PERHAPS THIS FOREIGN DEVIL IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN I THOUGHT...
GO AND MAKE YOUR PEACE WITH CHANG... I DON'T WANT HIM GETTING SUSPICIOUS!
I'LL SEE WHERE THE CURLY-HAIRED ONE IS...
AND THEN I'LL SEE HIM DEAD!
WHILE NOT FAR AWAY...
DUMMIES ... WORKED FROM BEHIND THE WALLS... AND THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING TO GET THROUGH THERE UNSCATHED...
IF THEY WERE MADE OF BRONZE INSTEAD OF WOOD, I'D THINK ONE PUZZLE SOLVED...
BUT HERE'S ANOTHER... THIS TITANIUM DOOR WASN'T MADE BY ANYONE HERE-ABOUTS...


AND NEITHER WAS THAT GUN!
GOING TO HAVE TO PLAY FOR TIME...
AND SEE WHAT MY OLD SONIC SCREWDRIVER CAN DO TO THIS LOCK...
PREPARE FOR PARADISE, WRETCH...
I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW YOU'VE GOT THE SAFETY CATCH ON..?
VWEEEEEEEE
ZAAAK!
OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T KNOW WHAT A SAFETY CATCH IS, LET ALONE WHETHER IT'S ON OR NOT!
AH... IT'S OPENING...
ZAAAK!
MADE IT!
NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT...
GOOD GRIEF! THE 'BRONZE MEN'...
...THEY'RE SONTARANS!

NEXT ISSUE BRONZE MEN - IRON FISTS!



UNIT HOTLINE

Attention all UNIT undercover agents! Here are this week's coded messages hot from HQ!

SECURITY CODE GREEN

GTA WIXGAM US ISEOG GE
IMMUFA EZ AIMGT. UZ I
RAGGAM XAZG GE OZUG TJ,
TA GTMAIGAZAK GE
XGMUBA IG REZKEZ
OZRAXX TUX KAWWIZKX
LAMA WAG. TA HEORK, IG
GTUX WEWAZG, SA IZNL
TAMA EZ AIMGT. SA EZ
NEOM COIMK.

SECURITY CODE RED

*JMIYD LYA JILQ FLI SBMCC
MARTMNYDU HGCRND
IMIDYC SDXR SDXNRGD SLB
AGI NYIOGAYLI BCRV AJU
HDXR LPGADRN KXGA
SAMJAYVRV PVMNYIS
TDXYA TTNYDYTGC
MWRNYLV LYI SRGNDX'A
CXYADLNU, UMIYD
MXLDCYIR CQYCC ATLPR
BDL MULM AYI ILMN LIRQ
TMIVRNTLORN FTLPYT –
"HVN. IQXL MPLIDXCU"!*

ALIEN ALLIES

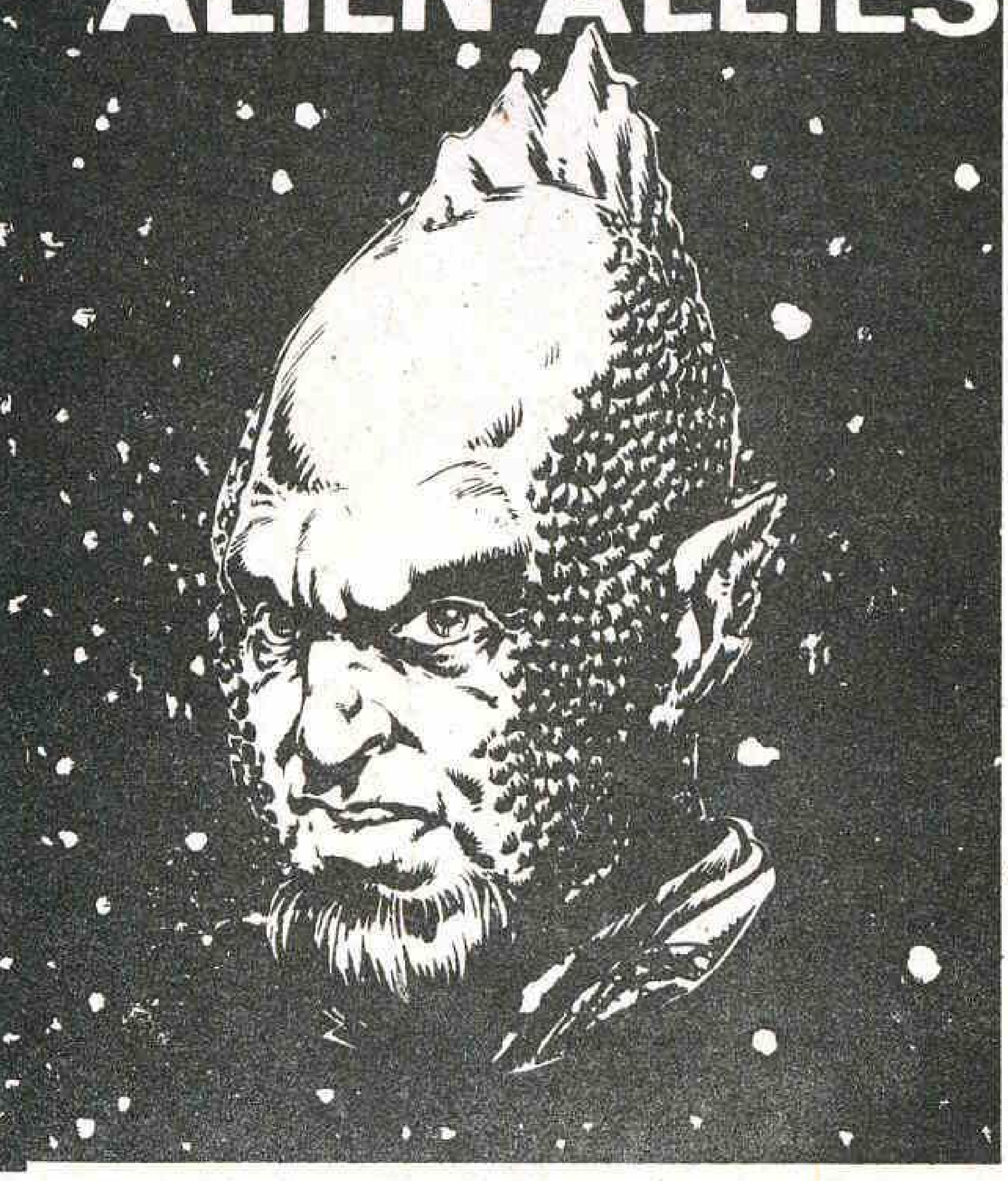
ALIEN ALLIES NO 3: The Dragonians

Data banks report the presence of a galactic ally on the planet known as Draconia. These intelligent creatures bear a disturbing resemblance to the lizards of Man's mythology – hence their rather unflattering name.

Their life-styles are very similar to Earth's Japanese culture. Draconians wear sandals, ornate robes and rings to denote particular achievements or offices.

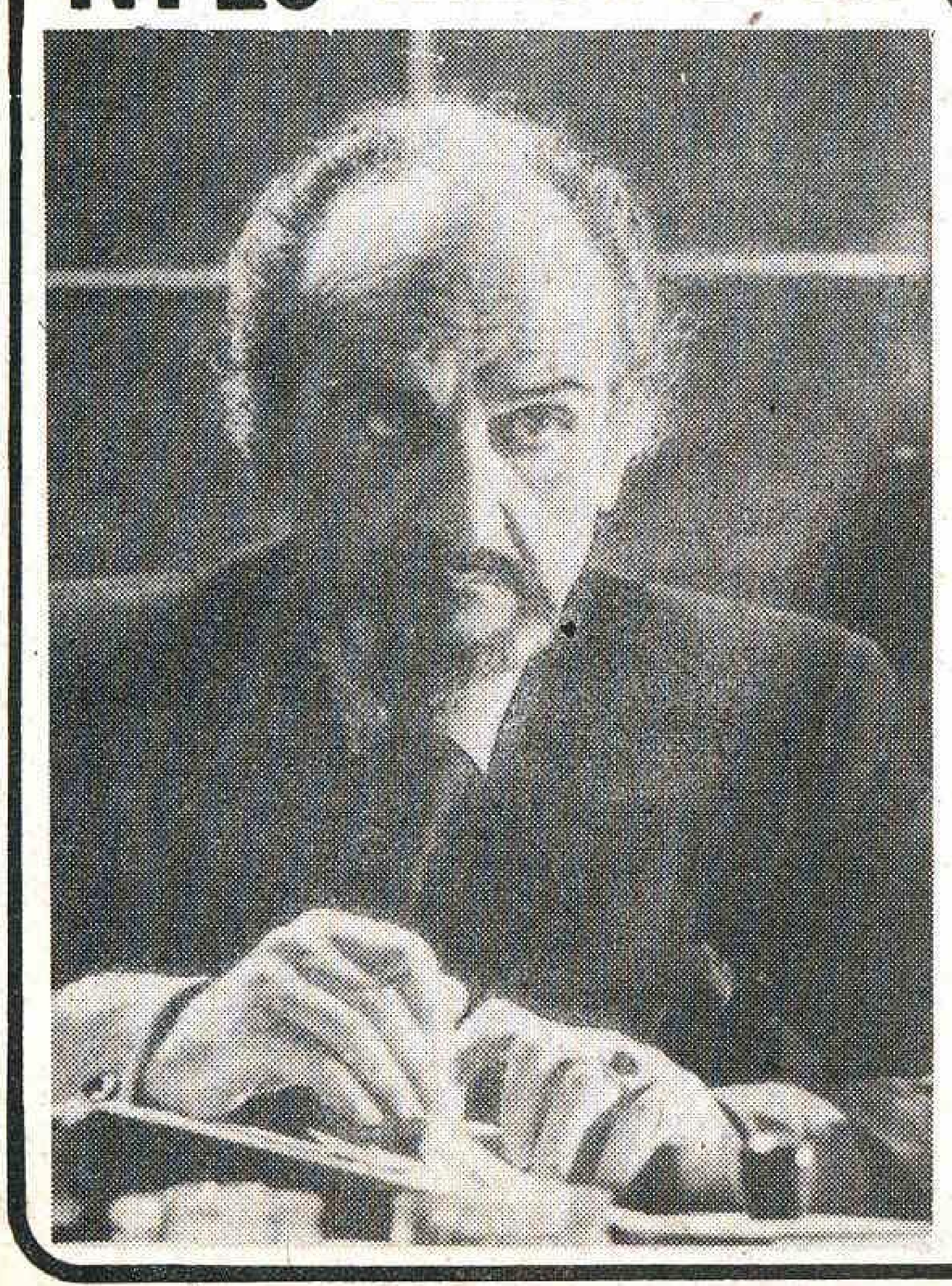
All Draconians are trained as warriors and, although they are a great fighting force, the race is not openly aggressive.

When peace was finally established between the Empire of Draconia and Earth, the existence in space of two mighty battle fleets ensured galactic peace for many generations.



Nº 16 THE MASTER

KNOW YOUR ENEMY



SUBJECT: The Master

SUB-CLASSIFICATION: A Time Lord

PLANET OF ORIGIN: Gallifrey

HISTORY: This fiend who glories in chaos and destruction is Earth's oldest adversary . . . and perhaps our most dangerous threat . . .

He studied with UNIT's scientific advisor, code name, the Doctor, at the Time Lord Academy. Since then, he has travelled across the universe spurred on by a thirst for power and a delight in the misery and enslavement of lesser species.

An expert hypnotist and impersonator, the Master often usurped the powers of the sub-concious minds of humans in his efforts to overthrow our civilization.

One day there must be a show down between those two arch enemies, the Doctor and the Master. We can help UNIT's scientific advisor by reporting any information on this galactic villain.

A UNIT briefing on the dangers of pollution.
Priority clearance must be obtained before reading.

TOP SECRET UNIT SPECIAL REPORT

THE GREEN DEATH

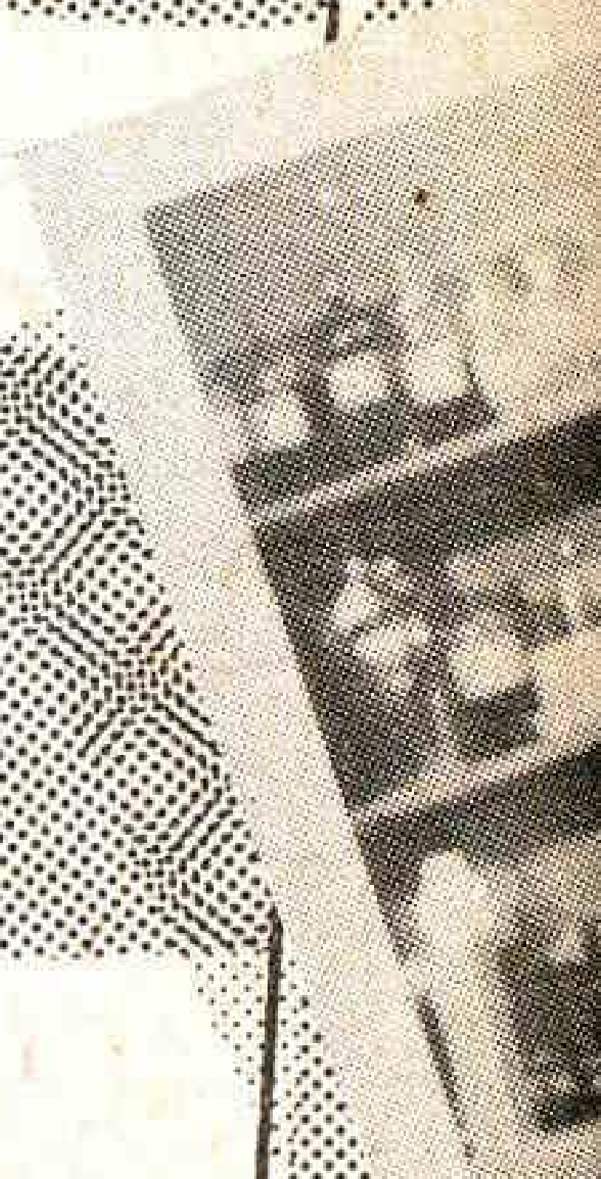
"There was, I think, a message in this story," said former **Dr Who** Script-editor Terrance Dicks during a 1973 interview for **Nationwide** where he was asked about "The Green Death".

Terrance went on to explain that although it is not general policy to use **Dr Who** as a vehicle for preaching moral arguments, he and Producer Barry Letts did feel it was worthwhile doing a story about pollution as their bit in the struggle to make people more aware of the environment and the dangers facing it.

"The Green Death" was entertaining and enjoyable science-fiction, but beneath the superficial context of the plot was the disturbing idea that unless we all do something to save our environment, then something pretty nasty could happen.

Sure enough the Jon Pertwee serial "The Green Death", first transmitted in May 1973, succeeded in putting its anti-pollution message over without making it distractingly obvious. The serial also did well in the ratings and was repeated over the Christmas period that same year.

The serial succeeded on another count as well. As the six episodes progressed viewers saw a facet to the Doctor's character rarely glimpsed before — a genuine sadness at the loss of a companion. However that is rather jumping ahead to the end of the serial.



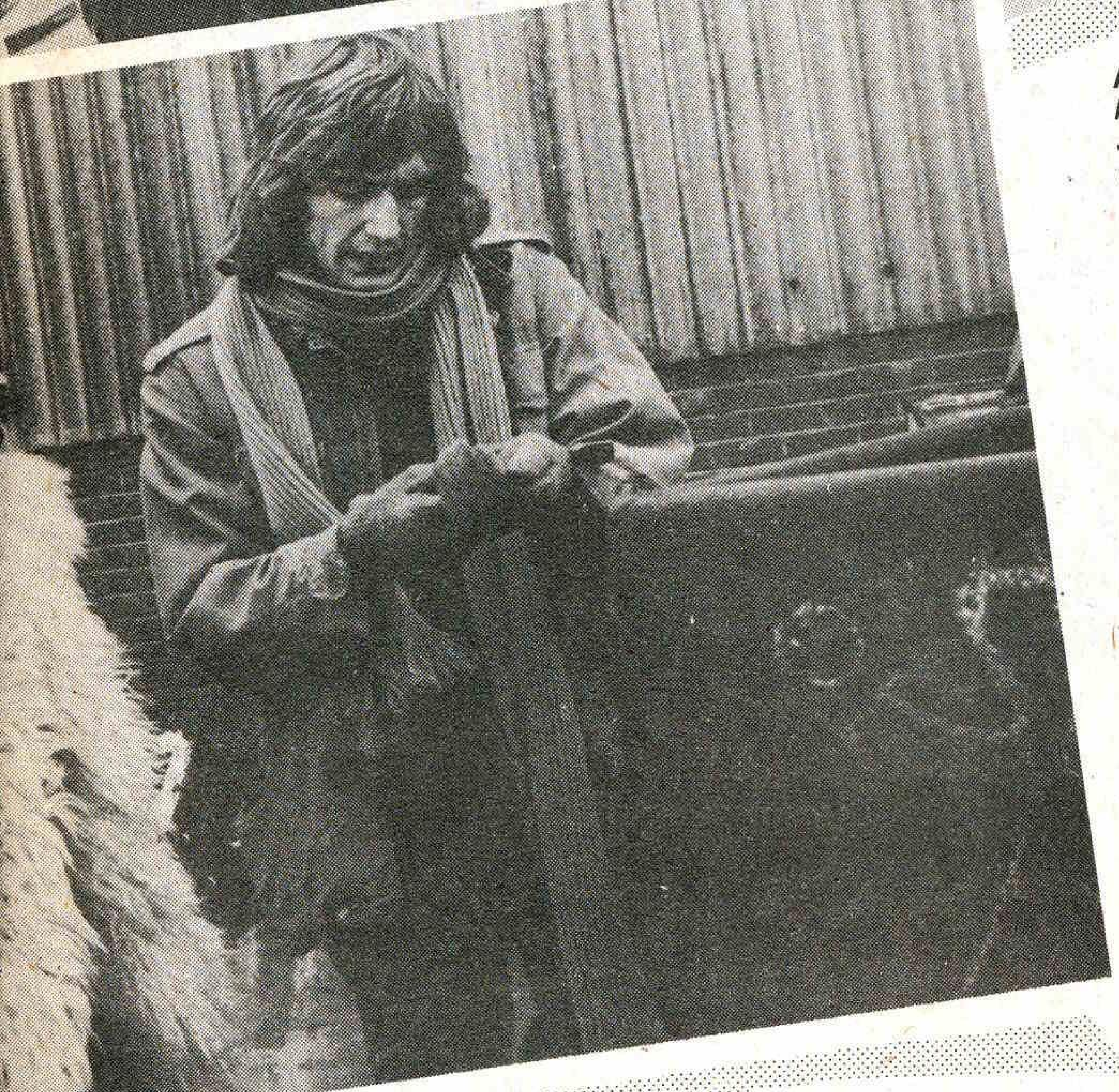
The team that fought the lethal disease known as The Green Death. **From left to right:** *Clifford Jones (Stewart Bevan), Jo Grant (Katy Manning), UNIT's scientific advisor, code name, the Doctor (Jon Pertwee), Sergeant Benton (John Levene) and our Commanding Officer, Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart (Nicholas Courtney).*

The story dealt with death. A very unpleasant form of death. Not quick, rapid death as dealt out by a ray gun, nor death on a galactic scale by the push of a button. The Green Death was a slow agonising poison that began by slowly killing people in a small Welsh mining community. The writer of the story, Robert Sloman, took great care to build up a believable character to each of the miners such that, as they died, the viewer felt a sympathy at the needless death of a human being, and revulsion for the vile chemical that had caused it.

The chemical itself was a waste by-product from the firm Global Chemicals, a major industrial concern which had recently opened its new plant close to the South Wales town of Llanfairfach. The mining pits had long ago been closed down and faced with mass unemployment, miners welcomed the news of Global Chemicals' arrival.

The firm's director, Stevens, announced to the expectant

TOP SECRET UNIT SPECIAL REPORT



Above: *The Doctor (Jon Pertwee) and Clifford Jones (Stewart Bevan) desperately search for an antidote.* **Left:** *Jo Grant (Katy Manning) and Clifford Jones (Stewart Bevan) eventually to be married.*

townsfolk. "I have in my hand a piece of paper that will mean a great deal to us all. Wealth in our time. More jobs, more houses . . ." To anyone knowledgeable of the speech by former Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain as he returned from Munich in 1938, the contents of Steven's remarks should have set alarm bells ringing long before the mournful wail of a pit emergency siren announced the first victim of the green death — a mine inspector named Hughes.

Only one voice was raised in protest, that of Professor Cliff Jones, at thirty, a Nobel Prize winner for his work on DNA Synthesis. With his prize money, Cliff Jones established the Wholeweal Community, an area of land near Llanfairfach, where he and other scientists researched into methods of alternative technology such as harnessing energy from windmills and cultivating food stuffs with a higher nutritional content. All this to demonstrate that progress can be achieved without spoiling the planet we live on. Jones was very much opposed to Stevens' Company. Global Chemicals claimed that it can produce 30% more petrol from a given quantity of crude oil, but as Cliff argued, it was still using up Earth's precious supply of oil, and as for the plastic sludge Global's polymerisation process must be based on, heaven knows where that was being tipped . . .

The death of the miner Hughes brought UNIT in hot on the investigation trail. When Hughes' body was recovered it was glowing bright green all over — the cells of his body mutated by some, as yet unknown, agent. The Brigadier was first on the scene heading straight to the Global Chemicals pilot research plant to see Stevens. The centre was very impressive. An ultra modern complex where the new technique of "cracking" crude oil could be developed. With the full scale refinery, its output would be enough to make Britain self-sufficient in oil! The company's computer — a Bimorphic Organisational Systems Supervisor — has been installed on the top floor to manage the world wide operations of the firm. Stevens explained to the Brigadier that the government has many vested interests in Global Chemicals success and it would be wiser if the UNIT investigation findings attached no blame to the company.

Somewhat of an ecology student herself, Jo Grant has meantime deserted the Doctor (off on a trip to find blue jewels on the planet Metebelis Three) and paid a visit to the Wholeweal Community, known by the townsfolk as "The Nuthutch". Here she meets Clifford Jones who demonstrates the potential of fungus as a source of high

Above: *UNIT's CO, Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart, hot on the investigation trail.* **Right:** *The giant white maggots — monsters spawned from the filthy by-products of Global Chemicals.*

protein. Already the Community lives on it and if his future expedition to the Amazon to find bigger and better mushrooms is successful, then a cheap food source for all the world can be found. Listening to the young scientist's dreams she remembers a phrase she said to the Doctor before he departed, "In a funny way he reminds me of a sort of younger version of you!"

Having finally summoned the Doctor down to South Wales, the Brigadier realises that his first priority must be to investigate the old mine. Stevens, strangely opposed to this, secretly instructs his strong-arm man, Hinks, to ensure that no-one can go down the mine. After Hinks has left, Stevens puts on a strange-looking set of headphones . . .

Stevens is too late. A group of worried miners are already at the pit head and one of them, Dai Evans, has already gone down the shaft. He doesn't return. Jo arrives just as another miner, Bert, is about to descend. Trained in first aid, Jo offers to go down and help Dai. By now, however, Hinks has done his dirty work and both Jo and Bert find themselves trapped at the bottom of the shaft.

The two find Dai Evans, his body, a strange, luminous green and apparently very near to death. Bert leads Jo deeper into the mine. There only hope of getting out being through an old emergency seam. Further along Bert finds a luminous rivulet of green slime. He tentatively touches it and then withdraws his finger in shock. The liquid burns like acid.

After a lengthy process, dogged by Steven's unhelpful attitude, the Doctor manages to descend into the pit. At the bottom he finds Dai Evans — dead — and sets off to find Jo. Further along Bert is slumped against a wall, weak and with an arm infused by the spreading green glow. Leaving rescuers to tend to the casualties he continues his search for Jo. He finds her, staring in horror at a lake of green slime filled with giant white maggots — each one more than two-feet long! As the Doctor finds Jo a rock-fall blocks their retreat. Their subsequent escape path involves a hazardous crossing of the lake in an old coal truck followed by a risky climb up the very waste pipe from which the lethal sludge is periodically pumped. Emerging finally into the main pumping room the pair narrowly escape just before a further quantity is sluiced down.

The next day brings new developments. Pressured by the Cabinet, the Brigadier is ordered to obey Stevens' wish to have the mine blown up. Sergeant Benton supervises the shaft's destruction, but the maggots are already beginning to tunnel up through the soil to the surface.

The Brigadier does manage to get an "inside man" planted at Global Chemicals. In the guise of a Ministry worker Captain Yates is undertaking studies of his own. He soon notices that there is something curious about many

TOP SECRET UNIT SPECIAL REPORT

of the company staff, as though they are all brainwashed in some way . . .

Such is indeed the case. The firm's computer, B O S S, geared only to the goals of maximum efficiency and productivity, is linked to a human brain – that of Stevens – and as such is making illogical decisions and plans. It intends to turn the whole world over to its principles with companies raking in vast profits from a ceaseless drive into technology. So great is its processing power that not only can it affect the minds of employees at the plant but it will soon also be able to link itself to every other on-line computer in the world. To BOSS, the giant maggots and the death are just "teething troubles" that will eventually sort themselves out.

BOSS sees the Doctor as a threat and even succeeds, for a while, in brainwashing Captain Yates into believing it would be expedient if the Doctor were killed.

With human beings processed into machines, maggots proving immune to even bombs and flamethrowers, and with Cliff Jones now infected by the death, the Doctor decides that it is time to confront the true master of Global Chemicals.

Entering the computer room, the Doctor finds Stevens already mind-linked into the BOSS and making the final preparations for the machine's grand take-over bid. Using the crystal from Metebelis Three, the Doctor hypnotically breaks through Steven's processing, making him aware of the things he has done. Wholesale pollution of the countryside, people walking around like zombies, and mutant monsters roaming the land spawned from the filthy by-products of Global Chemicals' drive for productivity and profit. As the computer pleads its cause, Stevens sets the plant to self-destruct and then tells the Doctor he has a few minutes to get out before he will press the detonation control. Minutes later, the industrial plant that bred the terrible disease, vanishes in a mighty explosion.

The Doctor discovers that the green death itself can be destroyed, curiously enough, by the application, in solution form, of the fungus Cliff has developed. It counters the poison and proves lethal to the maggots – killing them all before more than one has turned into an insect.

As the serum takes effect on Cliff, the young scientist quickly recovers, enquiring if Jo will consider marrying him and joining the team's expedition to South America. When Jo accepts it is a cause for celebration among all assembled and plans are immediately put into action for a party.

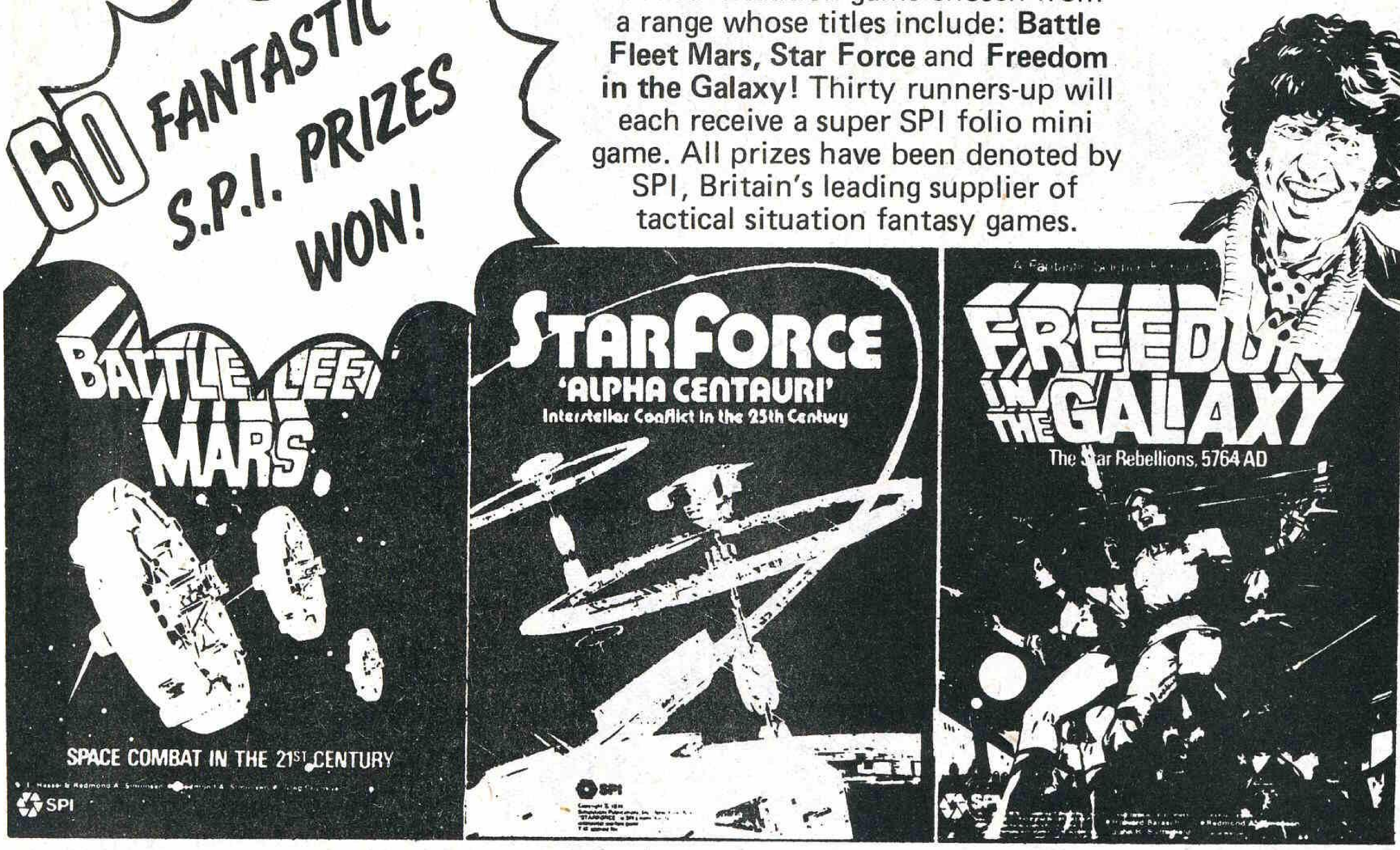
Only one man stands alone. The Doctor realises his mistake in the affection he gave to Jo. For she is human and will grow old with a companion of her own kind. He is a Time Lord and will outlive them all – the final division between Earth and Gallifrey. With the sounds of human laughter echoing in his ears the Doctor left the party at "The Nuthutch" and drove off alone in his vintage roadster "Bessie".

DOCTOR'S DILEMMA!

COMPETITION RESULTS

60 FANTASTIC S.P.I. PRIZES WON!

The 30 lucky first prize-winners will each receive a magnificent SPI *de luxe* tactical situation game chosen from a range whose titles include: **Battle Fleet Mars, Star Force** and **Freedom in the Galaxy**! Thirty runners-up will each receive a super SPI folio mini game. All prizes have been denoted by SPI, Britain's leading supplier of tactical situation fantasy games.


BATTLE FLEET MARS
SPACE COMBAT IN THE 21ST CENTURY
SPI
STARFORCE
'ALPHA CENTAURI'
Interstellar Conflict in the 25th Century
SPI
FREEDOM IN THE GALAXY
The Star Rebellions, 5764 AD
SPI

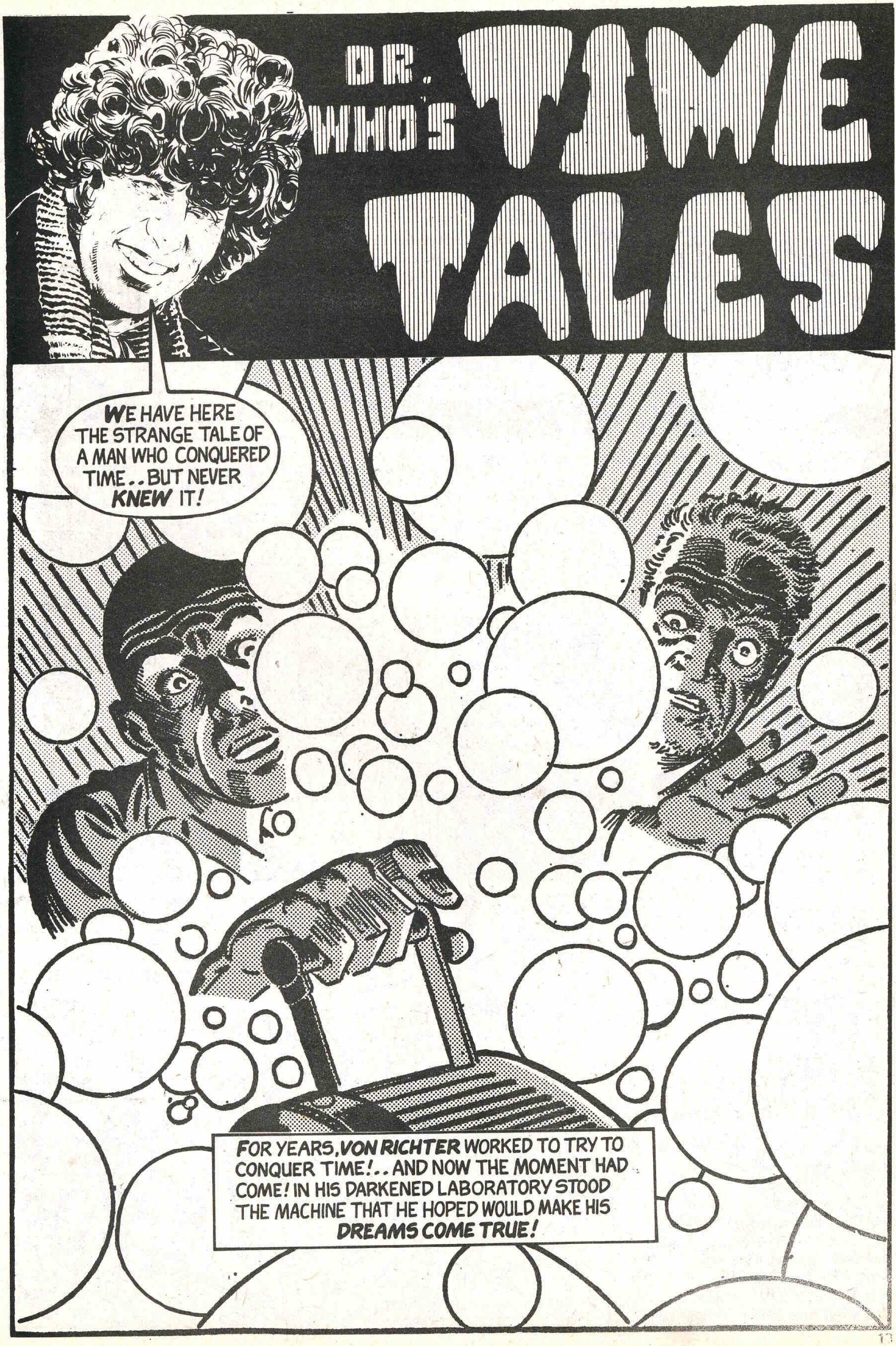
WINNERS

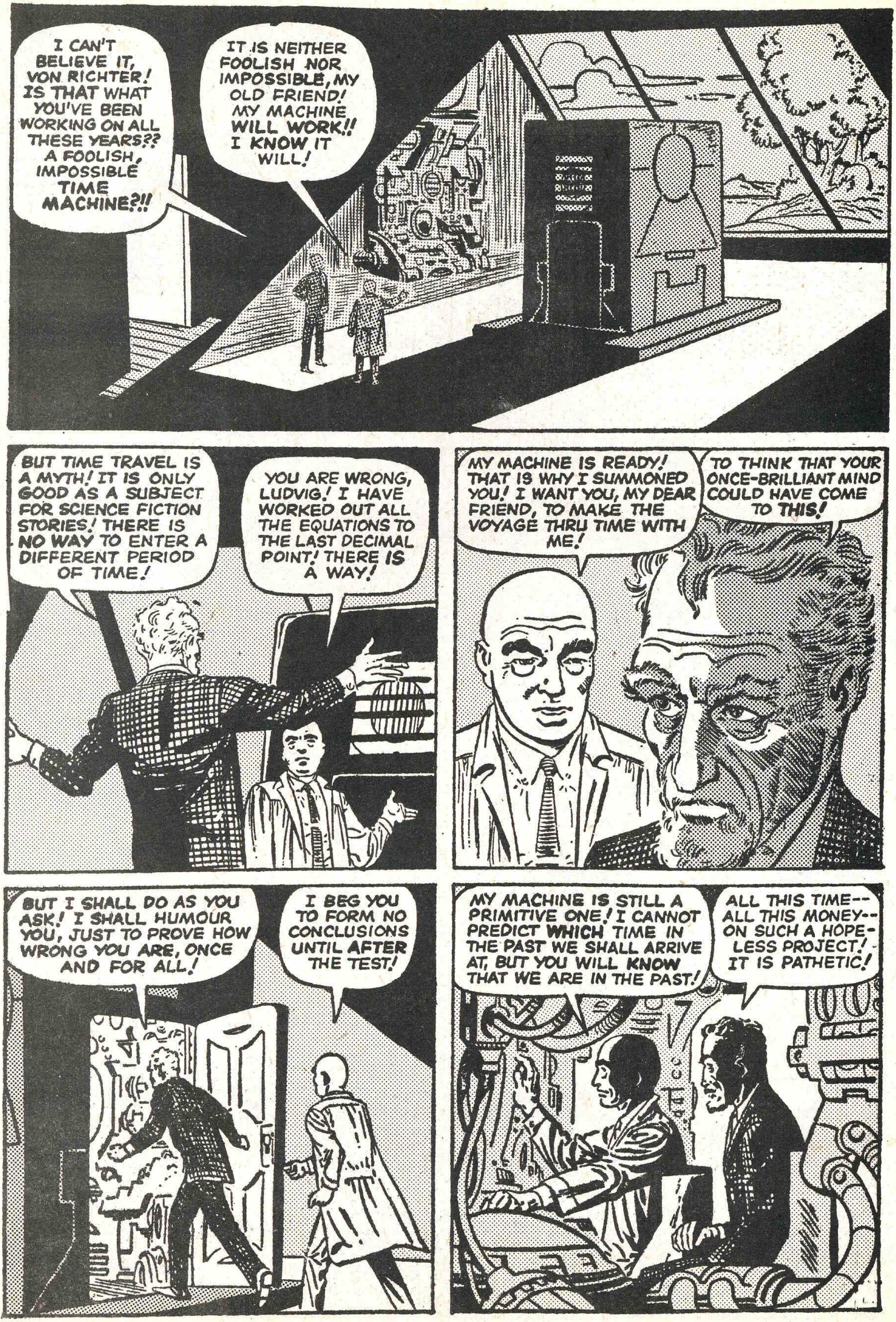
Martin McGunan from Manchester;
S. Wyatt from Bath;
Colin McLaren from Haddington;
Richard Carter from Sidmouth;
Andrew Newman from Wigan;
David Warren from Walsall;
Martin Urch from Bath;
S. Webb from Forest Hill;
Mark Uichalowski from Chesterfield;
Derek McLeran from Larne;
Harry Ball from Belfast;
Terry Lloyd from Derby;
Mark Caul from Bristol;
Gerald Kilbride from Glasgow;
Paul Marshall from Manchester;
David Chiswell from Chelmsford;
Theo Robertson from Rothesay;
Steven Tuck from Humberside;
Bruce Hay from Aberdeen;
Robert Read from Nottingham;
James Clammer from St Ives;
Robert Mahoney from Eynesbury;
Andre Napier-Brown from Littlehampton;
Scott Gallacher from Fife;
Trixie Horsman from Leighton Buzzard;
Peter Burkart from Birmingham;
Christopher Denyer from Tring;
Justin Woodman from Wembley;
Bill Barnet from Darlington;
Peter Allison from Cleveland;

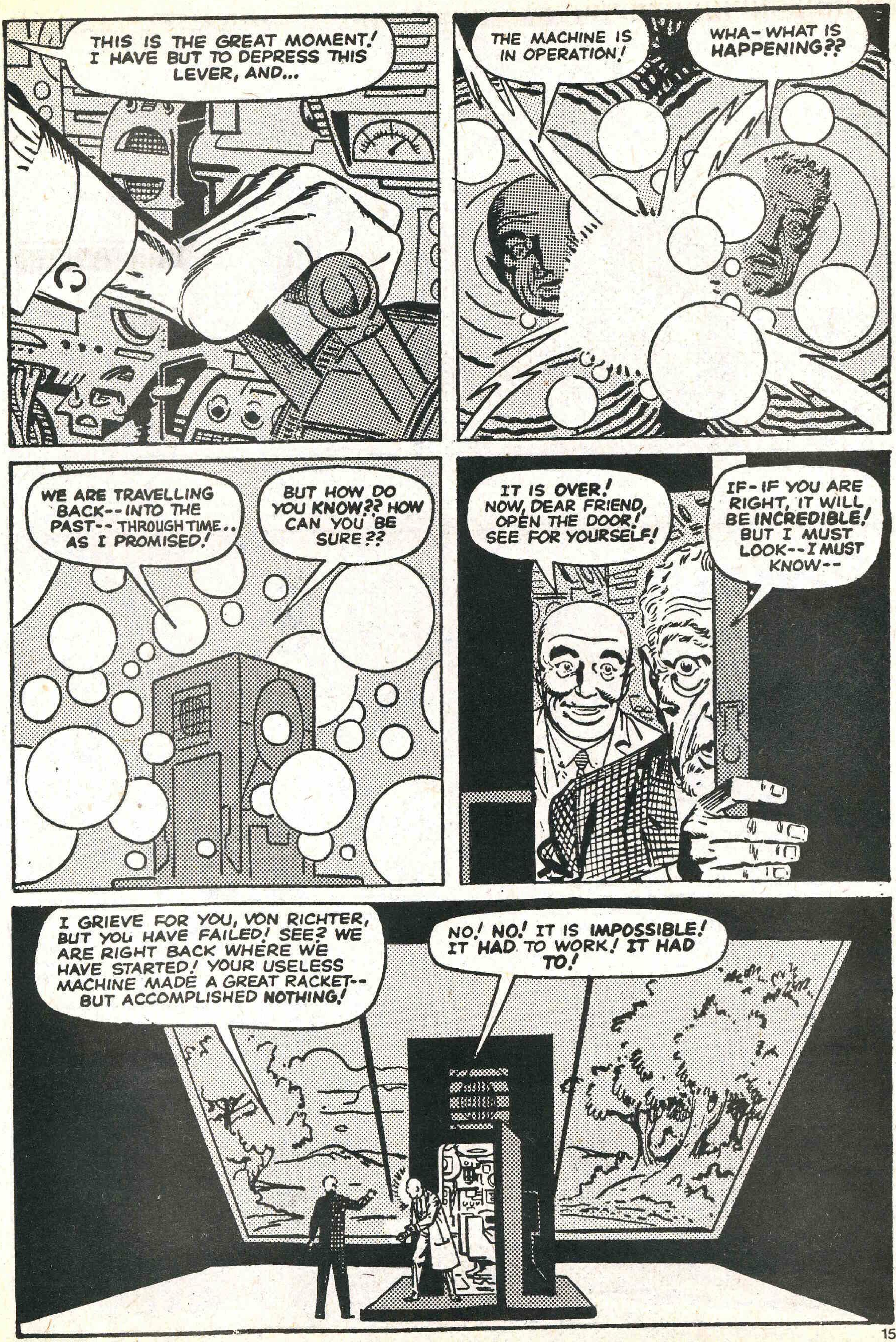
RUNNERS~UP

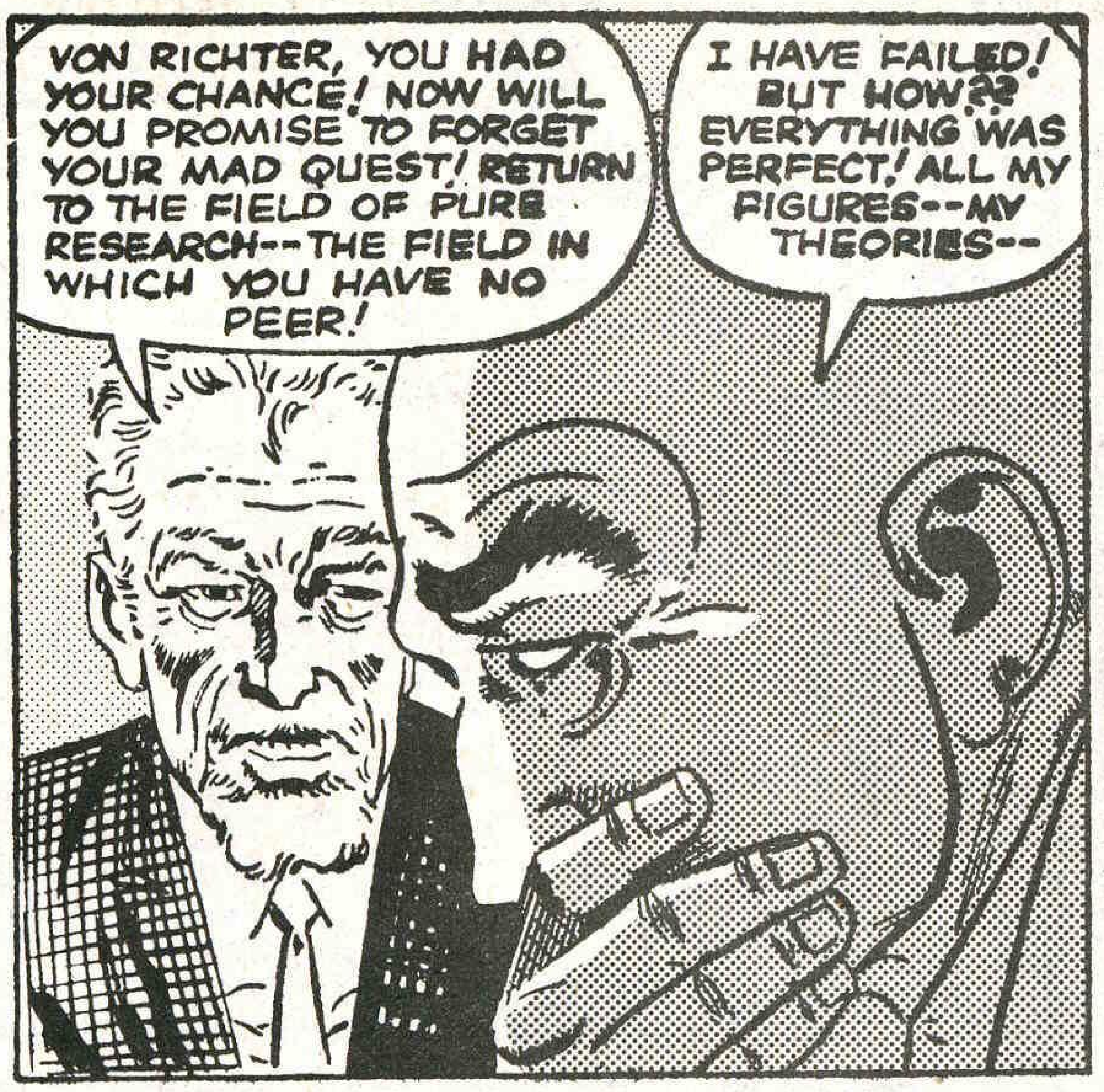
Victor Williamson from South Shields;
Lyn Morton from Tyne and Wear;
P. Wilkin from Norwich;
R. Harris from Eastleigh;
Jason Tabrett from Sutton Coldfield;
George Savu from Keighley;
John Pannell from Chelmsford;
Richard Firth from Bridington;
Samuel March from Portsmouth;
Sirfraz Khan from Ilford;
P. Burns from Warrington;
Martin Taylor from Swindon;
Douglas Close from Kirkintilloch;
John Cantril from Linton;
Andrew Clements from Shrewsbury.
Andrew Harvey from Stoke on Trent;
Ian Dando from Leigh;
Ivan Ord from Blyth;
P. Wojtyczka from Walthamstow;
Mark Wright from Canterbury;
Graham West from Alton;
Adam Dent from Blackdown;
Johnathan Turney from Potters Bar;
Karl Heyes from Wigan;
Paul Drakley from Kidderminster;
Cameron Paterson from Cheltenham;
David Higgons from Coventry;
Steven Kitchen from Leighton Buzzard.
Mark Green from Hornchurch;
Susan Clarke from Wigan;

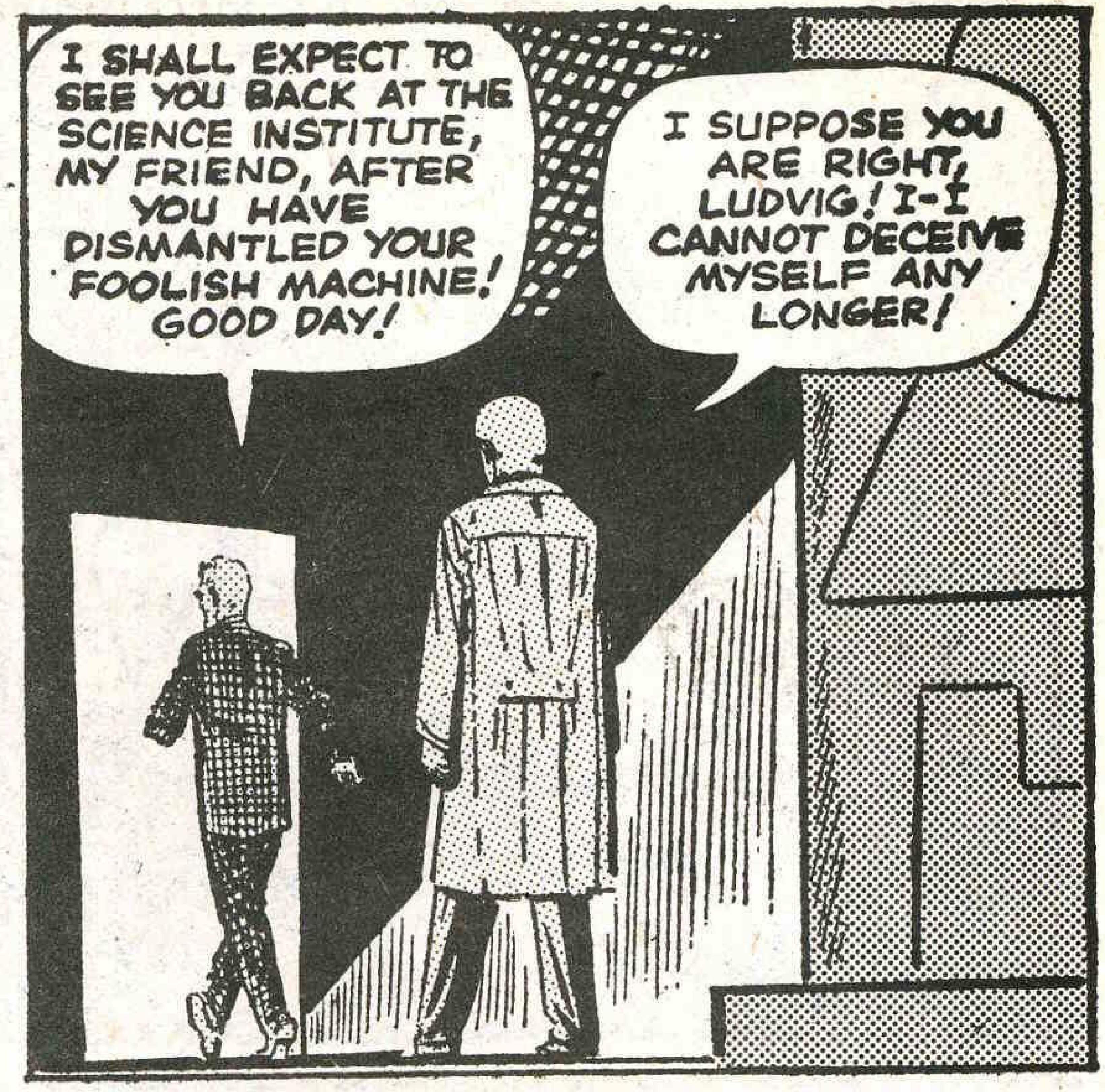
DR. WHO'S TIME TALES

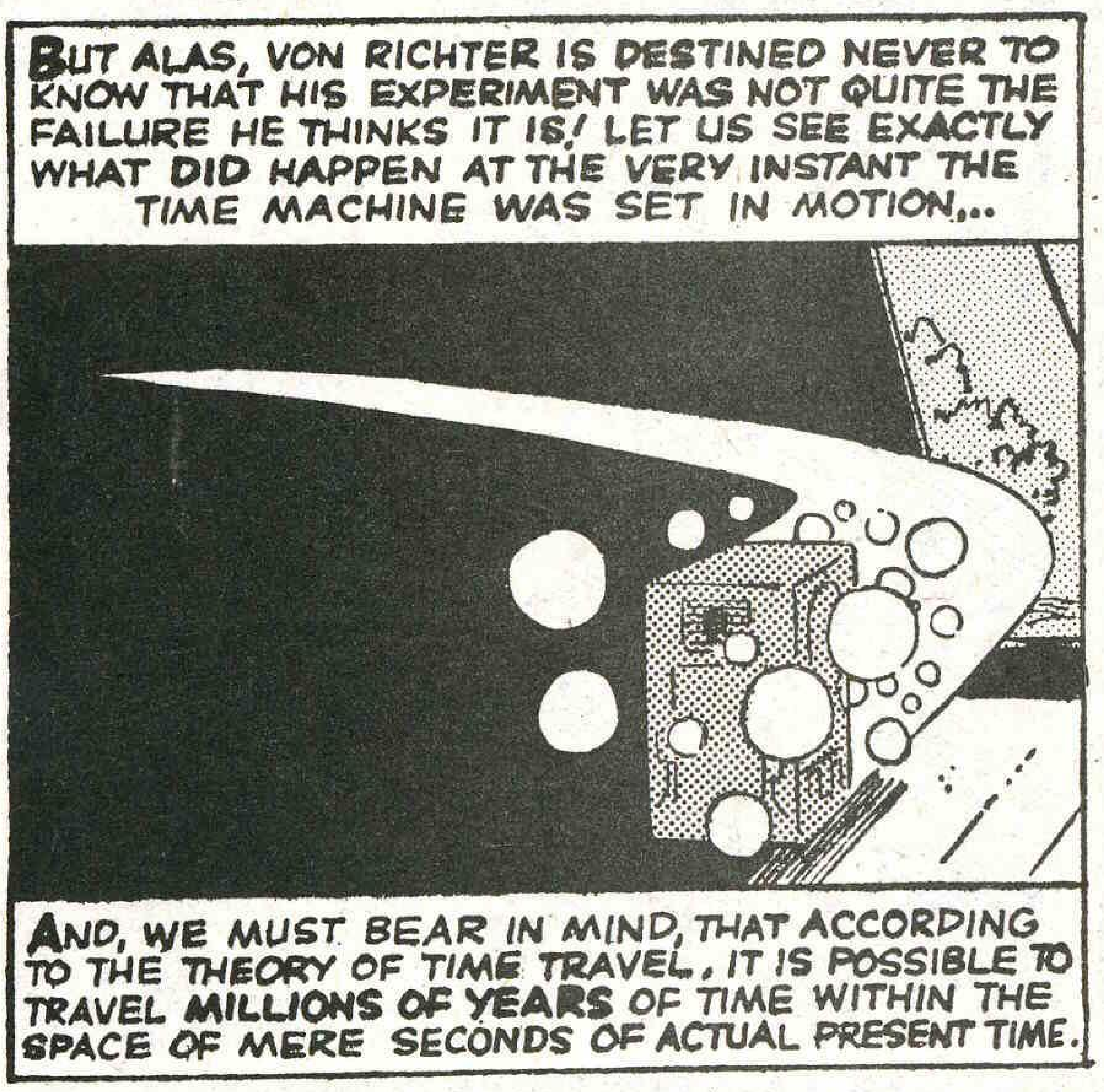

WE HAVE HERE THE STRANGE TALE OF A MAN WHO CONQUERED TIME.. BUT NEVER KNEW IT!
FOR YEARS, VON RICHTER WORKED TO TRY TO CONQUER TIME!.. AND NOW THE MOMENT HAD COME! IN HIS DARKENED LABORATORY STOOD THE MACHINE THAT HE HOPED WOULD MAKE HIS DREAMS COME TRUE!

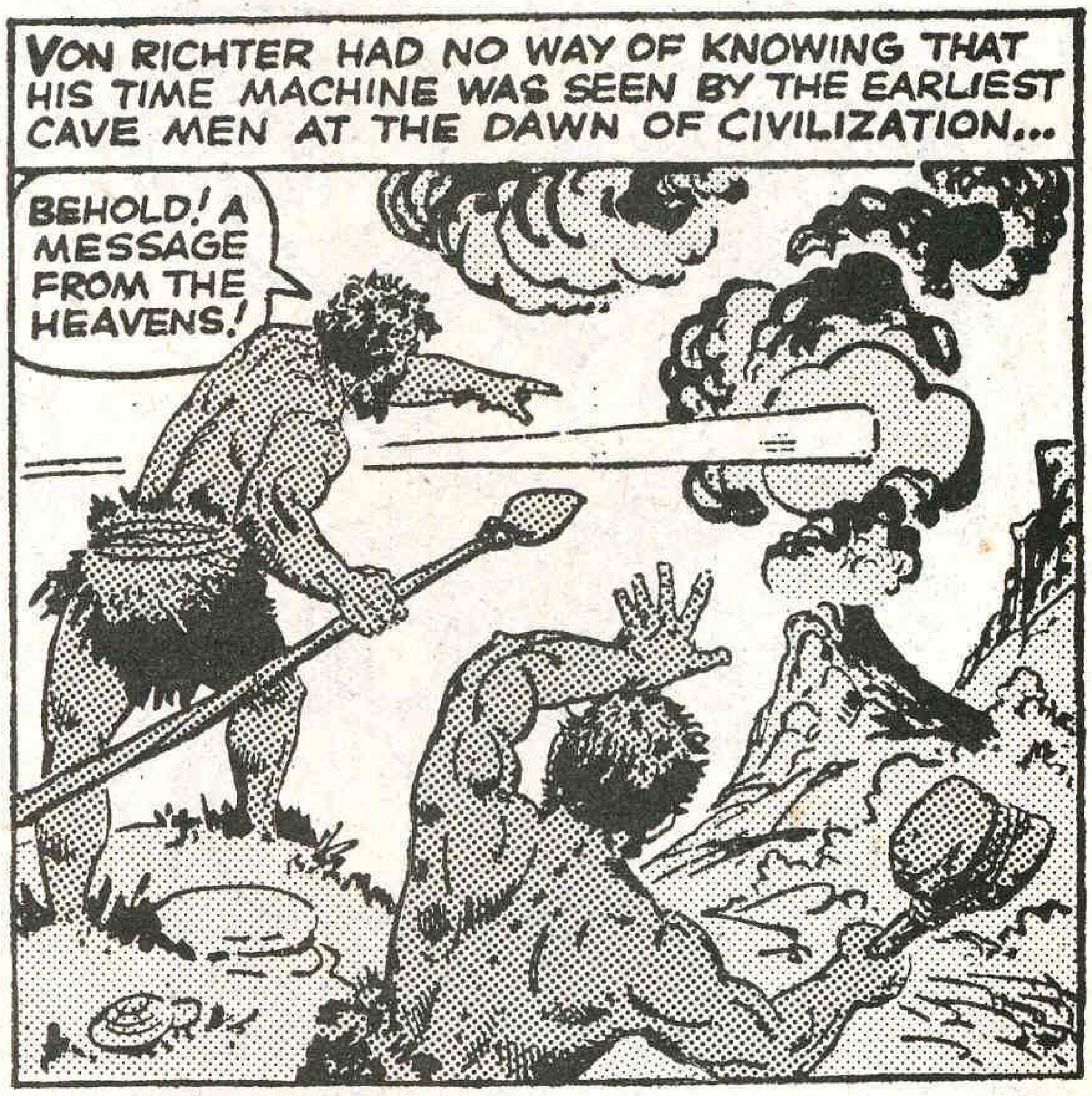

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, VON RICHTER! IS THAT WHAT YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON ALL THESE YEARS?? A FOOLISH, IMPOSSIBLE TIME MACHINE?!!
IT IS NEITHER FOOLISH NOR IMPOSSIBLE, MY OLD FRIEND! MY MACHINE WILL WORK!! I KNOW IT WILL!
BUT TIME TRAVEL IS A MYTH! IT IS ONLY GOOD AS A SUBJECT FOR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES! THERE IS NO WAY TO ENTER A DIFFERENT PERIOD OF TIME!
YOU ARE WRONG, LUDVIG! I HAVE WORKED OUT ALL THE EQUATIONS TO THE LAST DECIMAL POINT! THERE IS A WAY!
MY MACHINE IS READY! THAT IS WHY I SUMMONED YOU! I WANT YOU, MY DEAR FRIEND, TO MAKE THE VOYAGE THRU TIME WITH ME!
TO THINK THAT YOUR ONCE-BRILLIANT MIND COULD HAVE COME TO THIS!
BUT I SHALL DO AS YOU ASK! I SHALL HUMOUR YOU, JUST TO PROVE HOW WRONG YOU ARE, ONCE AND FOR ALL!
I BEG YOU TO FORM NO CONCLUSIONS UNTIL AFTER THE TEST!
MY MACHINE IS STILL A PRIMITIVE ONE! I CANNOT PREDICT WHICH TIME IN THE PAST WE SHALL ARRIVE AT, BUT YOU WILL KNOW THAT WE ARE IN THE PAST!
ALL THIS TIME-- ALL THIS MONEY-- ON SUCH A HOPELESS PROJECT! IT IS PATHETIC!

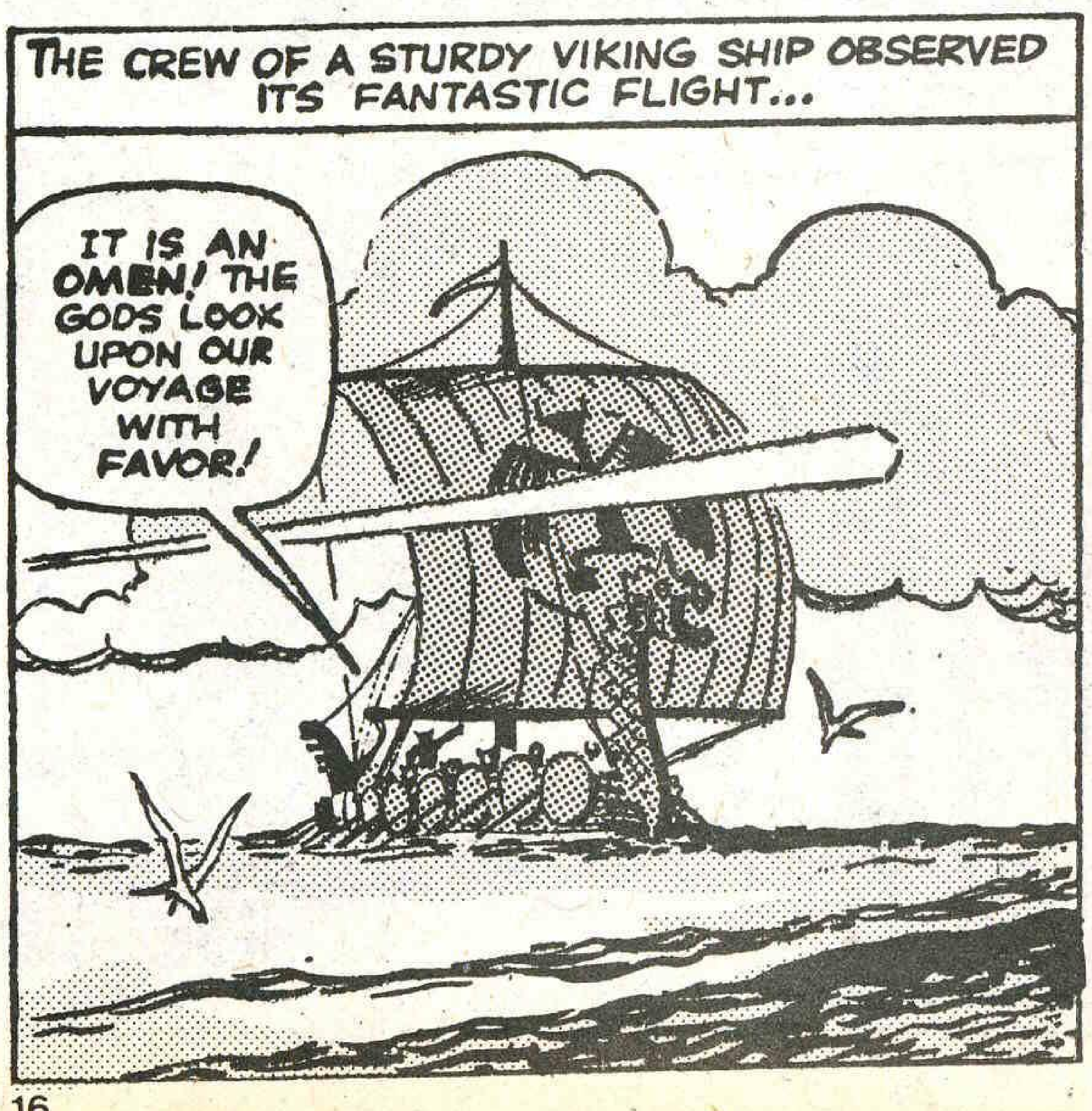

THIS IS THE GREAT MOMENT! I HAVE BUT TO DEPRESS THIS LEVER, AND...
THE MACHINE IS IN OPERATION!
WHA-WHAT IS HAPPENING??
WE ARE TRAVELLING BACK--INTO THE PAST--THROUGH TIME.. AS I PROMISED!
BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW?? HOW CAN YOU BE SURE??
IT IS OVER! NOW, DEAR FRIEND, OPEN THE DOOR! SEE FOR YOURSELF!
IF-IF YOU ARE RIGHT, IT WILL BE INCREDIBLE! BUT I MUST LOOK--I MUST KNOW--
I GRIEVE FOR YOU, VON RICHTER, BUT YOU HAVE FAILED! SEE? WE ARE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE HAVE STARTED! YOUR USELESS MACHINE MADE A GREAT RACKET--BUT ACCOMPLISHED NOTHING!
NO! NO! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! IT HAD TO WORK! IT HAD TO!

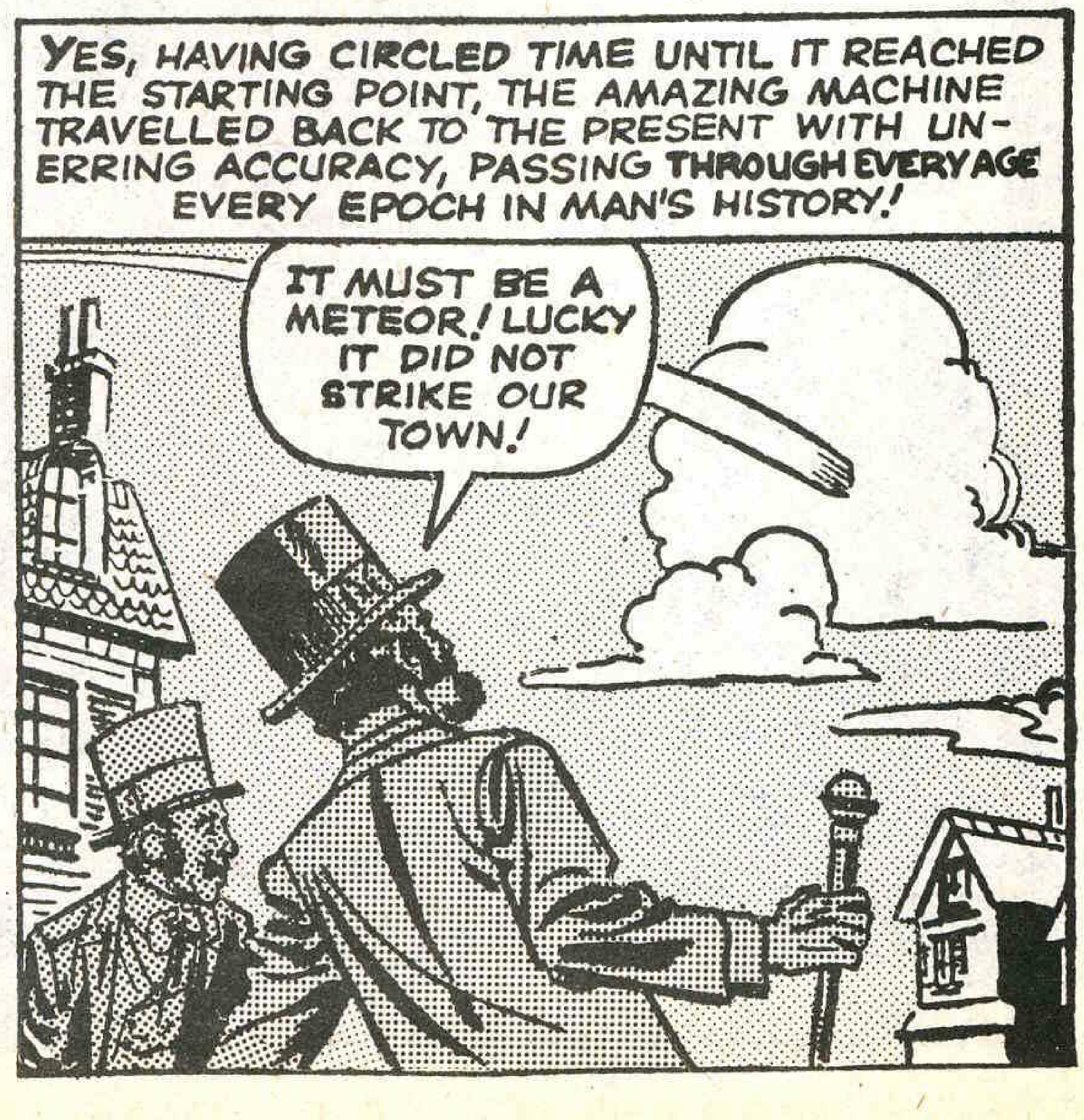

VON RICHTER, YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE! NOW WILL YOU PROMISE TO FORGET YOUR MAD QUEST! RETURN TO THE FIELD OF PURE RESEARCH--THE FIELD IN WHICH YOU HAVE NO PEER!
I HAVE FAILED! BUT HOW?? EVERYTHING WAS PERFECT! ALL MY FIGURES--MY THEORIES--

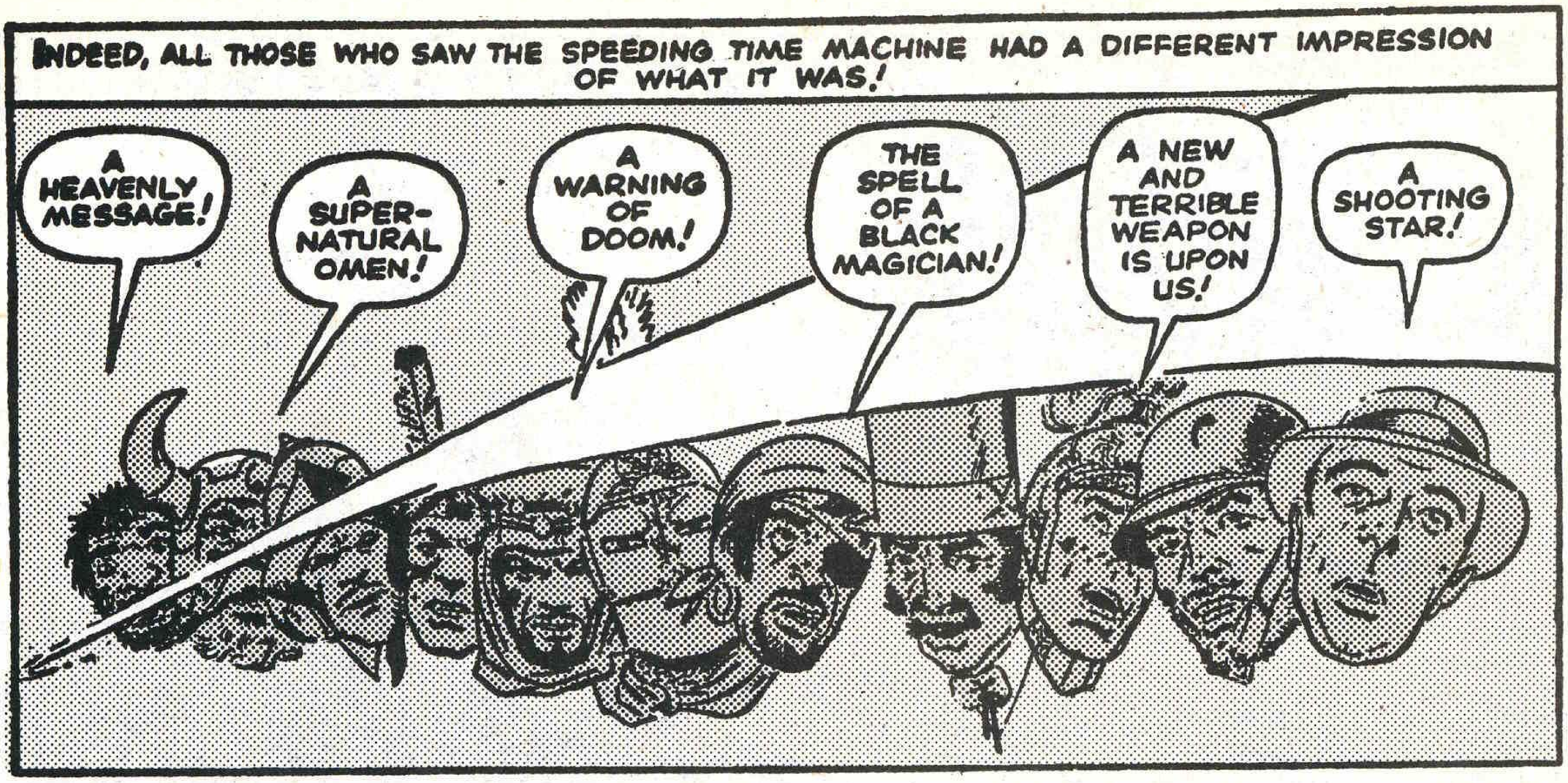

I SHALL EXPECT TO SEE YOU BACK AT THE SCIENCE INSTITUTE, MY FRIEND, AFTER YOU HAVE DISMANTLED YOUR FOOLISH MACHINE! GOOD DAY!
I SUPPOSE YOU ARE RIGHT, LUDVIG! I-I CANNOT DECEIVE MYSELF ANY LONGER!

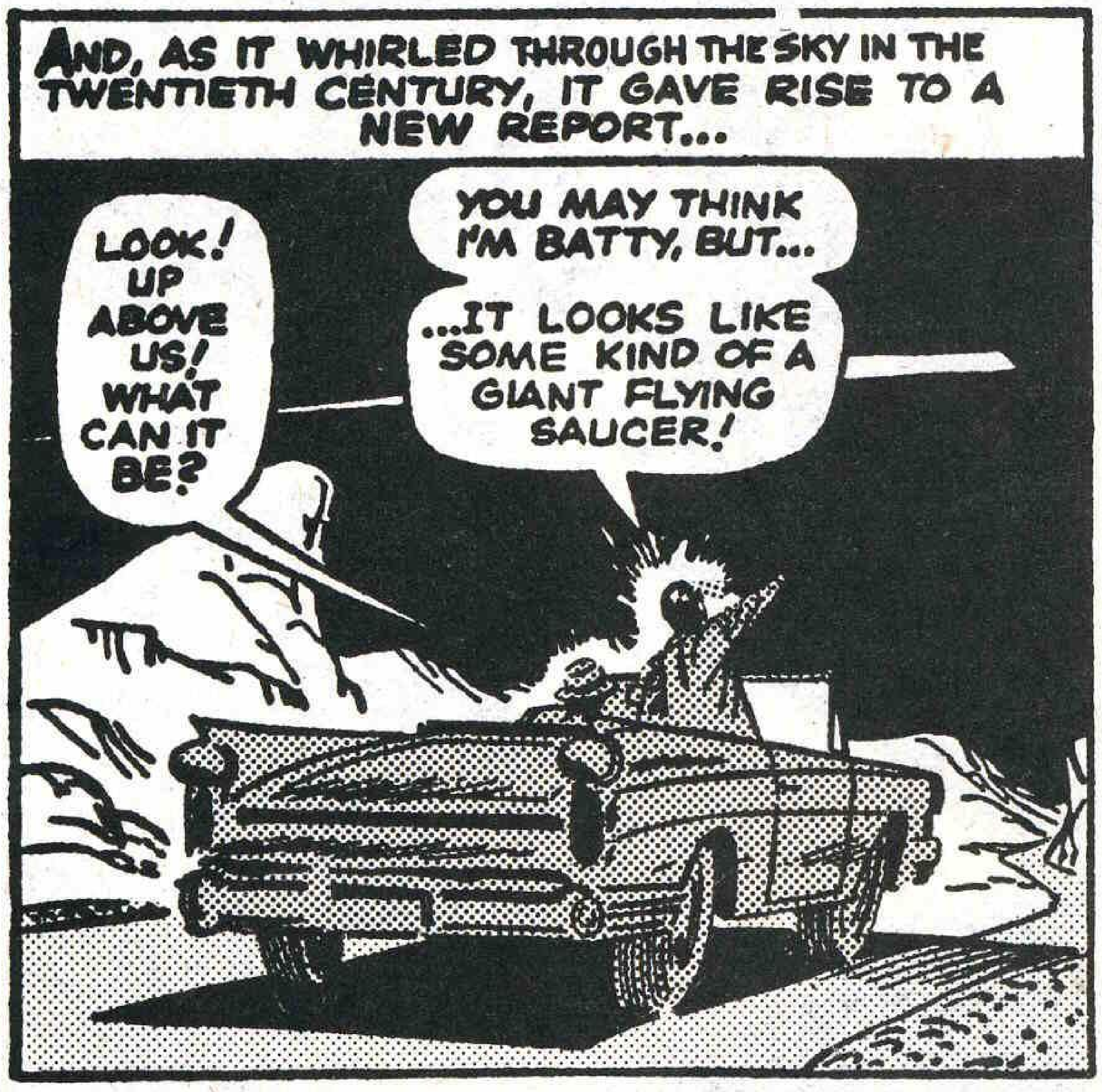

BUT ALAS, VON RICHTER IS DESTINED NEVER TO KNOW THAT HIS EXPERIMENT WAS NOT QUITE THE FAILURE HE THINKS IT IS! LET US SEE EXACTLY WHAT DID HAPPEN AT THE VERY INSTANT THE TIME MACHINE WAS SET IN MOTION...
AND, WE MUST BEAR IN MIND, THAT ACCORDING TO THE THEORY OF TIME TRAVEL, IT IS POSSIBLE TO TRAVEL MILLIONS OF YEARS OF TIME WITHIN THE SPACE OF MERE SECONDS OF ACTUAL PRESENT TIME.

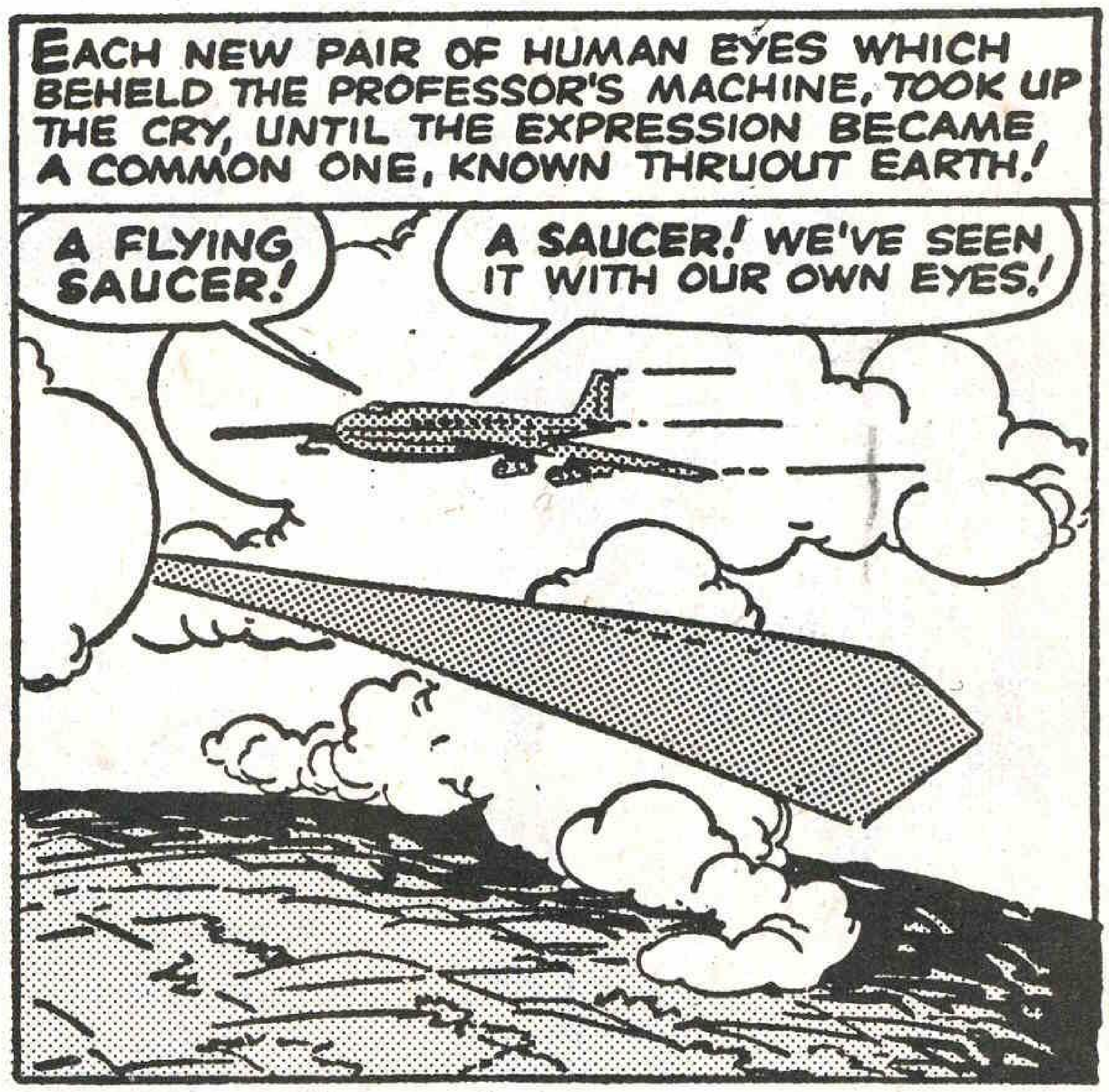

VON RICHTER HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING THAT HIS TIME MACHINE WAS SEEN BY THE EARLIEST CAVE MEN AT THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION...
BEHOLD! A MESSAGE FROM THE HEAVENS!

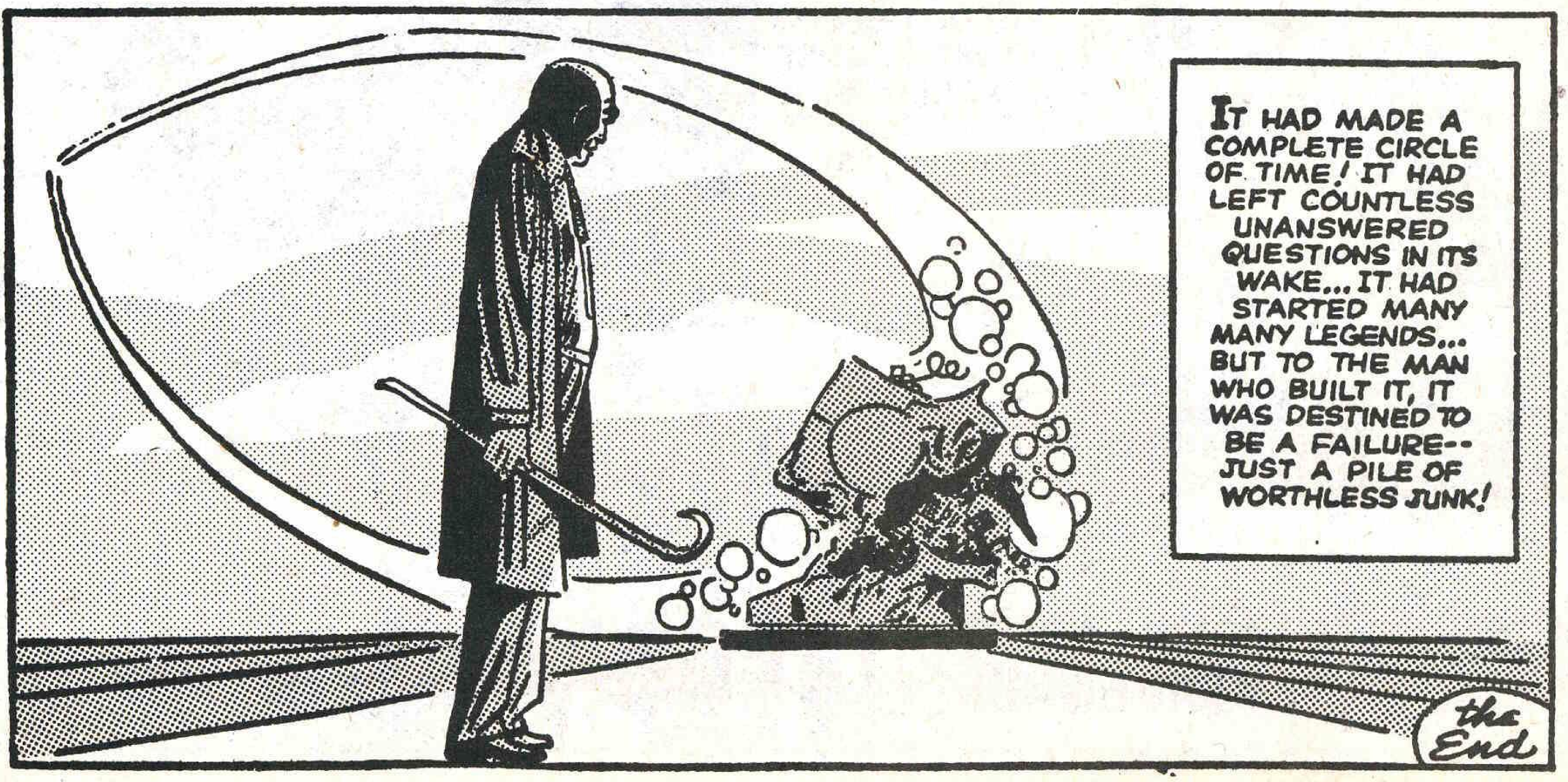

THE CREW OF A STURDY VIKING SHIP OBSERVED ITS FANTASTIC FLIGHT...
IT IS AN OMEN! THE GODS LOOK UPON OUR VOYAGE WITH FAVOR!


YES, HAVING CIRCLED TIME UNTIL IT REACHED THE STARTING POINT, THE AMAZING MACHINE TRAVELLED BACK TO THE PRESENT WITH UNERRING ACCURACY, PASSING THROUGH EVERY AGE EVERY EPOCH IN MAN'S HISTORY!
IT MUST BE A METEOR! LUCKY IT DID NOT STRIKE OUR TOWN!


INDEED, ALL THOSE WHO SAW THE SPEEDING TIME MACHINE HAD A DIFFERENT IMPRESSION OF WHAT IT WAS!
A HEAVENLY MESSAGE!
A SUPER-NATURAL OMEN!
A WARNING OF DOOM!
THE SPELL OF A BLACK MAGICIAN!
A NEW AND TERRIBLE WEAPON IS UPON US!
A SHOOTING STAR!


AND, AS IT WHIRLED THROUGH THE SKY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, IT GAVE RISE TO A NEW REPORT...
LOOK! UP ABOVE US! WHAT CAN IT BE?
YOU MAY THINK I'M BATTY, BUT...
...IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF A GIANT FLYING SAUCER!


EACH NEW PAIR OF HUMAN EYES WHICH BEHELD THE PROFESSOR'S MACHINE, TOOK UP THE CRY, UNTIL THE EXPRESSION BECAME A COMMON ONE, KNOWN THRUOUT EARTH!
A FLYING SAUCER!
A SAUCER! WE'VE SEEN IT WITH OUR OWN EYES!

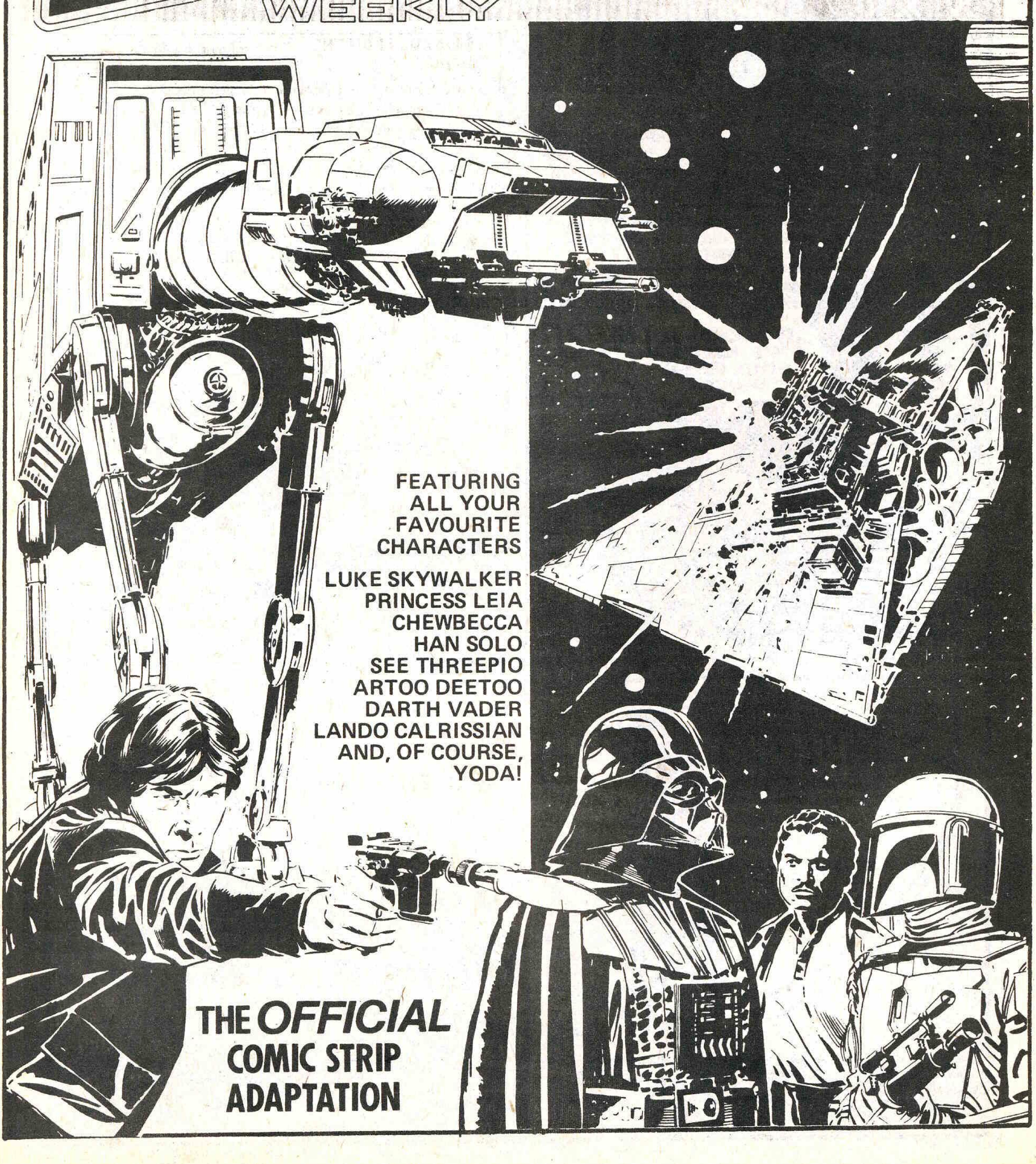

IT HAD MADE A COMPLETE CIRCLE OF TIME! IT HAD LEFT COUNTLESS UNANSWERED QUESTIONS IN ITS WAKE... IT HAD STARTED MANY MANY LEGENDS... BUT TO THE MAN WHO BUILT IT, IT WAS DESTINED TO BE A FAILURE-- JUST A PILE OF WORTHLESS JUNK!
the End

STAR WARS THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK WEEKLY

THE STAR WARS SAGA CONTINUES

At last, Star Wars Weekly **presents its adaptations of** The Empire Strikes Back. **Don't dare miss it!**

On sale at all good newsagents now!



FEATURING
ALL YOUR
FAVOURITE
CHARACTERS

LUKE SKYWALKER
PRINCESS LEIA
CHEWBECCA
HAN SOLO
SEE THREEPIO
ARTOO DEETOO
DARTH VADER
LANDO CALRISSIAN
AND, OF COURSE,
YODA!

THE *OFFICIAL* COMIC STRIP ADAPTATION

WHO CARES!

Welcome to another fun-packed page featuring *you*, the reader. Every week we receive thousands of your letters, but we'd like even more! Not only letters but drawings, photographs and stories. It's your page!

Dear **Dr Who Weekly**,

I would have written to you before this but I'm afraid important A-Level examinations at school prevented me from doing so.

My letter concerns an article in issue 33 of your **Dr Who Weekly**. I refer here to page 16 about **Dr Who** in Spain. I would query this last sentence: "Obviously the influence of the good Doctor has yet to make itself felt over there". I don't know about 'influence" but certainly **Dr Who** has been seen in Spain, albeit not on TV.

Two of my schoolfriends tell me they once saw two Peter Cushing Dalek films in Spain. The 1960's movies were dubbed into Spanish and quite hilarious!

My passionate interest in languages has recently led me to discover that the Target paperbacks will be appearing in Spain in Castillian translation nearer the end of this year. As for TV, the BBC programmes have been seen in Spanish in many South American countries and in Mexico over the years.

I was pleased to see that you will bring back the old William Hartnell synopses. I hope that you shall continue with these — through the Patrick Troughton and Jon Pertwee eras — and then into the Tom Baker stories. I must explain that William Hartnell for me *is* Dr Who — I grew up with him (and then later, Patrick Troughton) and fondly remember the stories he was involved in. The whole presentation of the show in his days was much more mature and well written. This is not to say I denounce the show now, although I feel Tom Baker has slipped inexorably away from the grave figure **Dr Who** originally was and to my mind, still ought to be.

As I know that you like readers to give their opinions on this page I would like to say that your production is well-researched and beautifully printed. I particularly enjoy reading the Gallifrey Guardian with its amusing "Quote of the Week".

Is there any possibility of colour reproduction of 1960's photos from the programme (such as were printed in the 1973 **Radio Times** Special for **Dr Who**?

Lastly, have you any intention of selling the Weekly abroad in foreign translation? I know that some of Marvel's output is translated so I wondered if **Dr Who** would be some time. It might be fun to be able to read him in other languages.

Anyway, many congratulations on a marvellous weekly paper which I hope you will continue for many years to come.

John D. Morley,
Loughton.

Many thanks for your interesting letter John. So far there are no plans to translate our comic into foreign language editions, but Marvel America, our parent company, will be reprinting our **Dr Who** *comic strips for their American readership! —Ed.*

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

As of next week, your **Dr Who Weekly**, comic will become a monthly publication. We at Marvel Comics are very excited at the prospect of being able to spend more time to produce a bigger, more exciting comic magazine than ever before! What we can promise you is that the New Doctor Who Monthly will provide the Doctor's many followers with the features, pin-ups and re-runs of classic TV adventures that you have all asked for! There will be more pages and more excitement, and the new cover price will be 30p . . . Remember that works out at only 7½p a week, so everyone will be able to follow the Doctor's adventures in the new, exciting **DOCTOR WHO MONTHLY!** – First issue on sale in one week.

Dear Marvel,

Congratulations on your comic, which I'm sure must be an inter-galactic sell out. The stories, art-work and facts are all equally fabulous. I am also a great fan of the Doctor's television show, which I watched as often as possible when I lived in New Zealand, but now, in England, I watch it all the time. Also, do you think you could tell me where I can get some back-issues of this terrific comic.

David Collis,
Edmonton.

— Nice to hear from you David, the comic has been doing very well on Arcturus VI and throughout the Crab Nebula but we're glad to report that sales figures on Earth beat them all! This is largely due to Marvel's very efficient back issue department which is operated by Colin Campbell from

19f Spittal Road,
Maldon,
Essex.

Dear Doctor,

I would like to congratulate you on your comic, which has succeeded in doing justice to an excellent programme, (a difficult thing to do). The UNIT Hotline page, photo-feature and Time Tales are particularly good.

One criticism though — do bring back the pin-ups on the inside covers, as these are an important part of the magazine which have been missing the last two weeks.

Andrew Campbell,
Merseyside.

As you probably know already Andrew, with next week's issue we go monthly and this will give my friends at Marvel much more space, as they tell me they intend to include pin-ups as an important part of the new magazine!

While writing to us, why not list your two favourite and least favourite features and picture strips in **Dr Who Weekly** and send them to us with your letter to:

WHO CARES,
Marvel Comics,
Jadwin House,
205/211 Kentish Town Road, London NW5.

Favourite 1st . . . .

Favourite 2nd . . . .

Least favourite . . . .

. . . .

Ideas for future issues . .

. . . .

THE MIND RO

Imagine a place that is "nowhere", a white void filled with a dangerous, unseen force. A nightmare world that will destroy everything that dares to enter it . . . the deadly domain of the Mind Robber . . .

Vanishing from reality, it is into this terrifying place that the TARDIS haplessly lands.

Inside the ship all is still, no instruments register and the scanner shows nothing. The Doctor bustles off, to work on a way of escaping, warning his two companions not to leave the TARDIS! All the while Jamie has been staring at the blank scanner. Suddenly it clears showing a picture of the Highlands of Scotland – his home. Zoe sees an entirely different picture on the screen – a picture of a futuristic city that is her own home. Jamie rushes off to find the Doctor, but Zoe, on impulse leaves the ship.

The strange forces of this white deadly world will try anything in an attempt to lure the time travellers from the safety of their TARDIS. Zoe has gone, and frantically worried for her safety, Jamie runs from the ship. Their minds are under assault and every ounce of the Doctor's powers of concentration are needed to resist the compulsion to leave the TARDIS.

Outside, the white void engulfs the two young travellers both haunted by images of their homesteads, and by visions of themselves beckoning them ever on. They are not alone. Silent white robots hunt them through the fog and with amazing suddeness surround the bewildered couple.

At that very moment, the Doctor's resistance snaps and he too leaves the TARDIS. The white robots have mysteriously vanished and finding Jamie and Zoe, the Doctor guides them back to the ship. Determined to leave this evil place, the Doctor re-sets the controls, which are now responding, and the TARDIS dematerialises. Tired by his recent exertions Jamie falls into a deep sleep in which he is troubled by a strange nightmare about a Unicorn. The TARDIS is suddenly invaded by a terrifying alien sound – a massive mental assault from which there is no escape. It is an attack against which the TARDIS holds no refuge. Just as the noise rises above tolerance level, the TARDIS shatters and breaks apart – sending its occupants swirling away into nothingness.

Jamie, regaining conciousness, finds himself in a strange forest. Suddenly a Redcoat appears before him and fires a shot at point blank range. Jamie freezes into immobility. In another part of the forest Zoe finds a large wooden door which creaks open as she nears it. Stepping through, she vanishes with a scream. The Doctor too has reappeared within the forest but is suddenly aware he is being pursued by a squad of giant clockwork soldiers. In an effort to escape them he comes across a mysterious stranger, dressed in the manner of an 18th century gentleman. The man is unable to tell the Doctor where he is, but a cryptic reference to "The Master" alerts the Doctor to the existence of some kind of controller. The Stranger disappears but his place is taken by a group of fiendish

BBER

Imagine "nowhere", a white terrifying void menaced by an unseen force that has the power to destroy reality! This exciting six part adventure was first show on BBC Television in the Autumn of 1968.

Above: *The Doctor's second incarnation (Patrick Troughton) battles against a world of fantasy and fiction while his two companions, Jamie (Frazer Hines) and Zoe (Wendy Padbury), haunted by images of their homesteads, wander into the nightmere white world of the Mind Robbers.*

children who subject him to a series of riddles and tests, culminating in a jig-saw that, when assembled, will restore Jamie to life. Unfortunately the Doctor makes an error in fitting the face, and the "wrong" Jamie comes to life.

The Time Lord rescues Zoe from the clockwork soldiers, but their further attempts to leave the forest prove fruitless. Jamie climbs one of the strange trees and finds out, to his amazement, that they are in a forest of words – each tree, a letter to a riddle. Before a solution to the riddle can be found, the travellers are recaptured by the toy soldiers who herd them towards an open plain – watched by the Master within his control room.

Alone on the empty plain, the sound of pounding hooves can be heard. Jamie's eyes open wide with terror as he sees the Unicorn from his dream charging towards them.

There is no way the travellers can hope to evade the charging animal but Jamie's talk about his nightmare gives the Doctor an idea. Just as the animal is about to trample them he cries out, "The Unicorn is a legend, it does not exist!" All at once everything freezes. The Doctor realises that they are in the Land of Fiction. Anything here is only a danger to them if they believe in its reality. Determined to confirm his theory, they return to the forest. Suddenly another Redcoat appears in front of Jamie and fires at him. Once again Jamie freezes, but this time the Doctor is able to solve the puzzle and with Zoe's help, Jamie is restored to them once more – this time with the correct face.

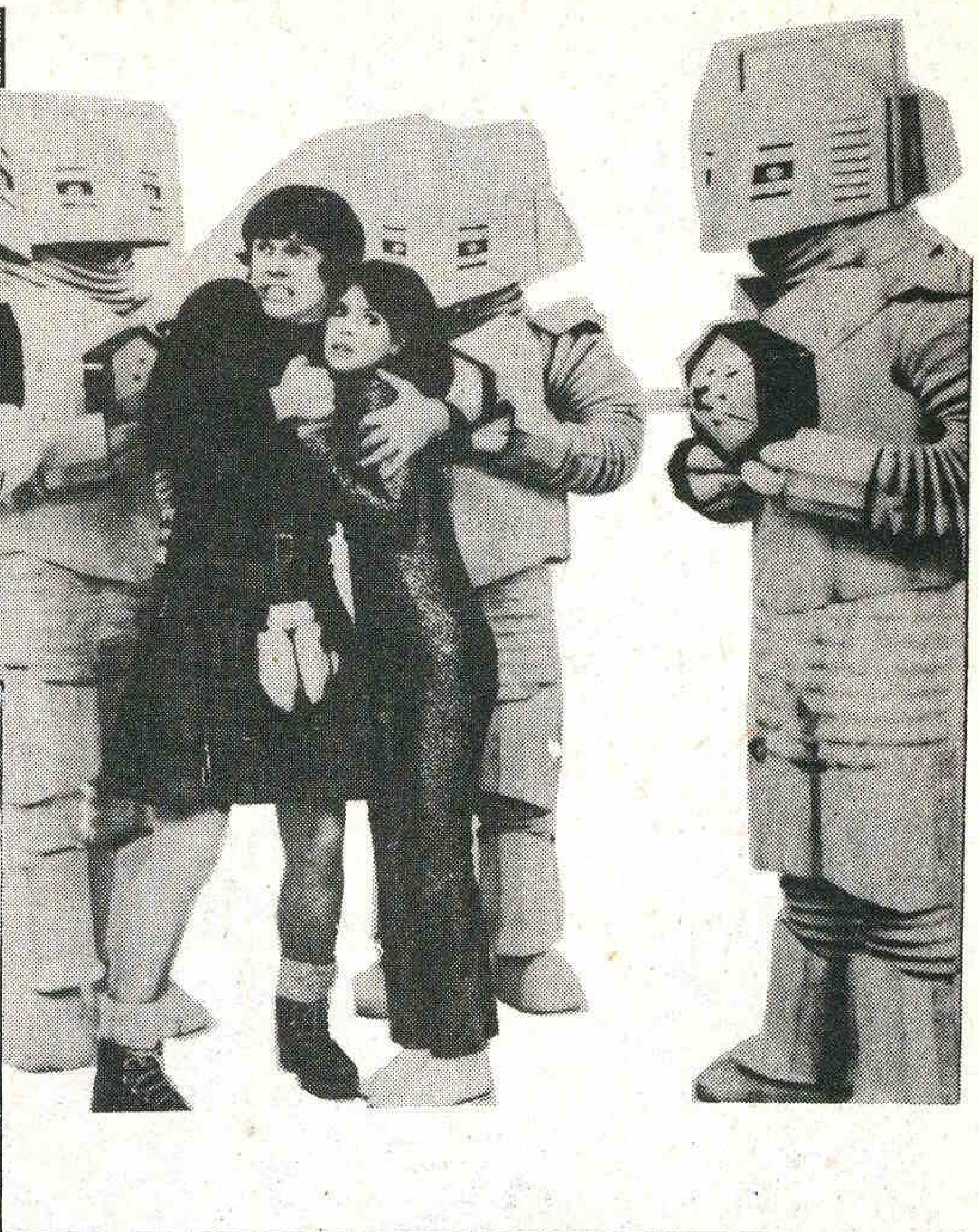
Searching a ruined building, they come across a secret door that takes them into a gloomy labyrinth. Exploring in almost total darkness, the travellers become separated, the Doctor and Zoe going one way, Jamie the other.

Zoe's logical mind leads her and the Doctor to the centre – and to the dreaded Minotaur; half man, half bull. It rushes at them, but using the principle of disbelief the two are able to make the monster vanish. Retracing their steps, the two go in search of Jamie, but he has already been driven from the maze by a mechanical soldier.

Wandering alone, the young Scot finds himself at the wall of a castle. He curses himself for not having a rope to scale the wall, when, all of a sudden, one descends. He climbs to an upper window where he discovers the rope is really the plaitted hair of a fairy-tale princess. Without knowing, he has gained entrance to the Citadel of the Master. A nearby ticker-tape machine tells Jamie of a danger about to overtake Zoe and the Doctor.

Still in the maze, the Doctor has proved his theory by correctly identifying the mysterious stranger as Swift's Gulliver, but before he can learn more Gulliver is gone, and from the shadows, a menacing statue begins to come to life – the statue of the Medusa, the gorgon of Greek legend, a hideous monster with the power to turn mortals to stone!

Remembering the way that the Medusa's power was rendered harmless in legend the Doctor



Top left: *The Doctor (Patrick Troughton) finds himself used in a plot to conquer the Earth,* **Above:** *Jamie (Frazer Hines) and Zoe (Wendy Padbury) are attacked by the Master's metal servants of doom — the White Robots.*

and Zoe gaze at her reflection only, and easing past her they find the exit to the maze! An encounter with the Karkus, a super-hero, points them to the direction of the Citadel of the Master. The two enter, the Doctor now knowing where he is . . . but still not why . . .

While attempting to elude the Master's white robots, Jamie has met Gulliver again. He is able to help Jamie find the other two time travellers, and together they penetrate the heart of the Citadel. The Master awaits them.

Unexpectedly the Master proves to be a benign old gentleman in skull cap and spectacles who bids them welcome. He recounts to the Doctor, that many years ago he was brought from Earth so that the computer which runs the Land could be given inspiration by his imagination - the creative energy of the old writer's mind being used to form the substance of the place. It is the computer which is the dominant force, not the Master. The Time Lord is quick to fathom the reason for his presence here — The Master is old and will soon die — the Doctor will take over in his place.

Angrily the Doctor refuses, but the Master explains that he has no choice! Looking around the Time Lord sees that Jamie and Zoe have gone. They have been taken by the white robots and are, even now, being closed within the covers of a giant book. The two young companions have been 'fictionalised'.

Only if the Doctor submits to the Computer will he ever see his friends again. In desperation the Doctor flees to the roof of the Citadel where he dashes past a milling throng of fictional characters — Gulliver, Rapunzel, Bluebeard, D'Artangnan, Lancelot, Cyrano de Bergerac, and Jamie and Zoe . . . now mindless zombies.

Ahead of him the TARDIS appears and the Doctor rushes in and slams the door. But he has been tricked. Inside is the control room of the Master, and Jamie and Zoe bring him before the Computer where he is told that he has now been linked to the machine, a machine which intends to use the Doctor's knowledge to conquer the Earth.

Suddenly the Doctor realises that if he is a part of the Computer than he can influence and direct it. He tests this by restoring Jamie and Zoe to reality. The Master retaliates and a battle of wits ensues in which both the Doctor and the Master try to defeat each other using champions from fiction. The white robots begin to descend among them, but just in time, Jamie, Zoe and the Doctor manage to overload the machine and along with its servants, the Computer is destroyed.

With fire and destruction raging around them, the three leave the Citadel. The Doctor is convinced that destroying the computer will restore them to reality, but Zoe argues that they might be hurled into oblivion. A final enormous explosion sends them spinning into whiteness. They awake in the TARDIS where all appears to be normal. The time travellers are free forever from the evil grip of the Mind Robbers!

FANTASTIC FACTS

CONVICT LABOUR

Wormwood Scrubs prison in North London was built entirely by convict labour, they even made the bricks with which it was built. The ground on which the prison was to stand was surrounded by a wooden fence containing temporary sheds to house the prisoners while working on the building. As each block of cells was completed it was occupied by the prisoners until gradually the great stone and brick prison replaced the wooden sheds.

SOCCER FERVOUR

In Athens in 1965, a soccer fan drove his car onto the field and tried to run over a referee who had made a ruling with which he disagreed. The ref dodged up and down the pitch until a spectator produced a gun and shot out the car's tyres. After the game the ref had to be smuggled out of the grounds disguised as a priest.

MISSING LINK

Fossils show that the Coelacanth (a big six-foot long fish) was alive at least 400 million years ago so it came as something of a surprise when one was pulled out of the Indian Ocean in 1939. Several more living specimens have been fished up since then but so far no fossils younger than 70 million years have been found.

REDUNDANT ARCH

Marble Arch, one of the great tourist sights of London, was erected on its present site in 1851, but it was never meant to stand there at all. Designed by George Nash at a cost of £75,000, it was intended as an entrance to Buckingham Palace but the arch proved too small for the Royal State Coach to pass through. A statue of King George IV which was intended to stand on top of the arch never got there and can now be seen in Trafalgar Square. When it was first transferred to its present site if formed an imposing entrance to Hyde Park but in 1908 the park was "pushed back" to widen the road, leaving the arch isolated in the middle of the road — useless again.

JEREMY'S LONG, SILENT SERVICE

The padded skeleton of Jeremy Bentham, dressed in the clothes he wore in life and with a head modelled in wax has been sitting in a cupboard at University College, London for nearly 150 years. When he died, in 1832, he directed that his bones should be preserved so that he might still attend the meetings of the University which he helped to found. He was entered in the minutes as "present but not voting".

SUBTLE PERSUASION

The Bhaga river in Lahul, India is crossed by two bridges, side by side. One of them is an obviously dangerous construction of rotten wood which was built to encourage travellers to use the other bridge a frail-looking but perfectly safe suspension bridge made of woven reeds!

FEAR

Many people have a morbid fear of spiders although they may live in a temperate climate where dangerous spiders do not naturally occur. Baseless fears such as this are known as phobias and the fear of spiders in particular is called ARACHNOPHOBIA. Many other phobias have been catalogued by psychologists, here are just a few:

a fear of enclosed spaces is called CLAUSTROPHOBIA
a fear of open spaces is AGROPHOBIA
a fear of heights is ACROPHOBIA,
a fear of sharp objects is BELONOPHOBIA
a fear of being stared at is OPHTHALMOPHOBIA,
a fear of the dark is NOCTIPHOBIA,
a fear of cats is AILUROPHOBIA,
a fear of the number 13 is TRISKAIDEKAPHOBIA,
a fear of work is ERGOPHOBIA,
a fear of beards is POGONOPHOBIA and perhaps the strangest of all is PHOBOPHOBIA — a fear of fear itself.

BOTCHED FORGERY

The worst counterfeiting job in history has to be a bank-note forged in the Confederate States during the American Civil War. On one side it claimed to be worth 20 dollars and on the other side 1,000 dollars.

GALLIFREY GUARDIAN

ARVEL COMICS
ESENTS
THRILLING ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE!
3rd JULY 1980 No. 38 EVERY THURSDAY 12p
DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY
FOUR GREAT COMIC STRIPS!
FEATURES! NEWS! AND LOTS MORE!
INSIDE!
DR.WHO'S MOST MENACING VILLAINS!
PLUS
THE DALEK TAPES
TIME WITCH

Title sequence to TV series

It is common these days for the name of the serial, the writer and the episode number to appear as part of the opening graphics/music sequence. Such was not always the case though, especially around the close of the Sixties, early Seventies.

"Inferno", the 1970 story about the destruction of an alternate Earth, followed the title music by a sequence depicting erupting volcanoes over which was flashed the story name, the author and the number of the episode. The preceeding story "The Ambassadors of Death" even went one better. The theme music would fade in for twenty seconds, next would come the recap from last week's episode, then the graphics would crash back in at the cliffhanger along with a special remix of the theme music to accompany the titles.

Patrick Troughton's last story used stock footage of battle scenes from the First World War for a special title sequence over which would be laid the words, "The War Games" in big "20th Century Fox" lettering.

Perhaps the most inventive of all though, and possibly the most expensive, was "The Seeds of Death" graphics – a model shot of the Sun, the Earth and the Moon that looked very similar to the end titles for the Gerry Anderson series "U.F.O". A specially commissioned piece of incidental music even accompanied this film.

Pirate poise explained

Reader Richard Landen noticed that the colour photograph of the Pirate Captain was printed the wrong way round on the cover of *Dr Who Weekly* issue 38, I checked up on this and found that Richard was quite right. So how did this happen?

On referring to people far more qualified in the artistic field than myself, I discovered the reason was one of graphic design. Apparently magazine photographs should, where possible, "look towards the centre of the page and not out of it". To have printed it the right way round would have had the captain staring into space – and that, in art circles, is just not on.

Young fan writes for series

A dream come true! That was Andrew Smith's reaction when the BBC elected to use his story for the third adventure in next season's run of *Dr Who*. Andrew has been a fan of the series for many years and, although an accomplished writer, had never really seriously considered his chances of actually seeing his name on the screen as writer of a *Dr Who* story.

Nevertheless Producer John Nathan-Turner and Script-Editor Christopher H. Bidmead liked his story and work on the television production will begin at the BBC in a few weeks time.

Andrew commented favourably on the style of next season's *Dr Who* adventures. He says, "it was like writing for a totally new show – although I find script results are best obtained by saying to myself, 'there has never been a previous *Dr Who* story – this is the first.' "

Harrison Chase~sad farewell

Sad news this week for fans of the 1976 serial "The Seeds of Doom". Tony Beckley, who played the mad millionaire, Harrison Chase, died recently in hospital in Los Angeles, USA. He was 48.

Tony Beckley's portrayal of Chase in that serial won him instant acclaim with all fans of *Dr Who* through his creation of a villain who was both evil and charming. A tycoon with a passion for cultivating and preserving a unique collection of plants, Harrison Chase was responsible for bringing the emergent Krynoid alien to England where it flourished, almost ending the lives of the Doctor and Sarah Jane in the process.

"The Seeds of Doom" was filmed on location at Mick Jagger's former mansion in Surrey and was screened as the final story in the thirteenth season. A compilation was made of the serial for possible screening around Xmas that year but the project fell through. The novel of "The Seeds of Doom" is still available in the Target range, penned by Philip Hinchcliffe.

Quote of the week

Harry Sullivan: No, Doctor, I'm the doctor and I say you're not fit.
Doctor: You may be a doctor, but I'm the Doctor – the definite article so to speak.

from the story "Robot" 1974 by Terrance Dicks.

BUSINESS AS USUAL

MAX FISCHER RACES DESPERATELY ACROSS THE GROUNDS OF GALAXY PLASTICS AS BEHIND HIM THE AUTONS' DREAMS OF INVASION AND CONQUEST GO UP IN SMOKE...
I DID IT! DOLMAN MUST HAVE PERISHED IN THE EXPLOSION!
NOW THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP ME FINDING MY CAR AND HIGH-TAILING IT!
NOTHING, MR. FISCHER?
THE TOYS... THE KILLER AUTONS! I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT THEM! THE GROUNDS MUST BE SWARMING WITH THE THINGS!
CAN'T LET THEM STOP ME! GOT TO KEEP GOING.. GOT TO REACH THE CAR...
AND, AT LAST...
THERE IT IS! THANK GOD!
BUT THOSE LITTLE MONSTERS ARE RIGHT BEHIND ME! I'VE GOT TO MOVE IT!
FRANTICALLY, THE INDUSTRIAL SPY THROWS HIMSELF BEHIND THE WHEEL AND SAVAGELY TWISTS THE IGNITION. HE'S LUCKY. IT STARTS FIRST TIME...
THEY'RE CLIMBING ALL OVER THE CAR! GOT TO ACCELERATE ..FAST!
WROOOOOM!
IT'S WORKING.. THEY'RE FALLING OFF!
THANK HEAVEN NONE OF THE LITTLE DEVILS MANAGED TO GET...
INSIDE...

HE TWISTS THE WHEEL VIOLENTLY, AS THE TINY SNIPER'S SHOT RIPS THROUGH THE CAR'S ROOF. THE VEHICLE SKIDS, AND...
SQUEEEEEKRASH!
I'VE WON! THE SOLDIER MUST HAVE BEEN CRUSHED IN THE CAR, BUT NOT ME!
I'M STARTING TO THINK I MUST BE INDESTRUCTIBLE!!
INDESTRUCTIBLE, MR. FISCHER?
WHAT THE... NO! OH NO!
YOU DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD!
EEEEY-- -AAAARGH!!
JULY, 1990: TO THE RELIEF OF IT'S COMPETITORS, GALAXY PLASTICS HAS BEEN TOTALLY DESTROYED, BY FIRE. NO TRACE IS EVER FOUND OF MR. DOLMAN...
BUT WHAT, YOU ASK, OF MAX FISCHER?
IN AUGUST, 1990, SOMEONE CALLED MAX FISCHER TURNS UP IN EASTHAMPTON WITH A LARGE SUM OF MONEY. HE INVESTS IT IN A PLASTICS FACTORY...
Stellar PLASTICS
ON CERTAIN NIGHTS HE VISITS A SHALLOW GRAVE HIDDEN IN THE FACTORY GROUNDS... THE GRAVE OF MAX FISCHER. THE REAL MAX FISCHER..
AND IF HE FEELS IN A HUMEROUS MOOD, HE LEAVES SOME FLOWERS BY THE GRAVESIDE...
PLASTIC FLOWERS, NATURALLY...
THE END.

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